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CHRONICLE.

THE *République Française* of Tuesday last contained a curious paragraph, stating that Lord Rosebery had consulted Charcot about his health some eight or ten years ago. The verdict of the great nerve specialist was that, if Lord Rosebery were very careful, he might be able to go on and incur mental strain, but care was exceedingly necessary. It is well known that Lord Rosebery has never been very careful, and Charcot's warning seems to have been borne out by the Premier's recent breakdown. If we remember rightly, Charcot used to write for the *République Française*. In any case this piece of news seems to us to carry with it the indefinable stamp of truth.

Walworth and West Dorset have but emphasized the lesson conveyed by Mid-Norfolk, Oxford, Evesham, Brigg, and Forfarshire. The West Dorset election, in particular, shows that the Liberals in the counties are becoming demoralized. Mr. Wood Homer stood as an Independent tenant-farmer. There was not a word about Liberalism in his address: Home Rule, Welsh Church Disestablishment, Local Veto were all ignored in that document. And yet he was beaten by an even larger majority than returned the Conservative in 1886. It is true he employed the Liberal agents and used the Liberal organization.

The Conservative victory at Walworth, a typical Metropolitan working-class constituency, is almost as significant as the Conservative victory in Mid-Norfolk, a typical agricultural constituency. The poll was the largest known, and shows that the Conservative voters have increased by 458 since 1892, whilst the Radical voters have diminished by 409. This result has moved the middle-class Separatist organ, the *Daily News*, to an outburst of foolish but characteristic snobbishness. The organ of Little Bethel says: "How the Tories managed it they themselves know best; but they certainly did manage to get hold of an immense proportion of the very roughest of the electorate." Their carriages were "stuffed with the coarsest and lowest element of this working-class locality." There is evidently no stickler for broadcloth and clean linen like your democratic grocerman.

It is rumoured among the Conservatives that the Local Veto Bill will be brought on for second reading on Monday next, but the Liberals deny the accuracy of this statement. Sir W. V. Harcourt, they admit, would favour even such undue haste, but the rest of the Cabinet may be trusted to restrain his eagerness. The Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill is in Committee; the Irish Land Bill has been read a second time; it would be unusual for force on a third measure to a second reading until the first measure at least had passed through Committee. We think that custom will triumph over Sir W. V. Harcourt's love of his pet measure.

Sir W. V. Harcourt knows nothing about the working classes, and has got it into his head that the rabid teetotalers form the backbone of the Liberal party. His mania on this point has led to his rechristening in the House. Men now speak of him as Sir William "Veto" Harcourt. We do not believe that he is so in love with the idea of making people sober by Act of Parliament. He is a disappointed man, and would not be sorry to see the Government wrecked. He would probably console himself with the reflection that Lord Rosebery is not likely to show to the best advantage just now as a fighting-leader in a General Election. Such personal antipathies affect affairs of State more than is commonly supposed.

A new Committee has been appointed to examine into the question raised by the present Lord Selborne as to whether the eldest son of a peer is compelled to resign his seat in the House of Commons as soon as his father dies. We shall no doubt have a decision upon the matter in a few days. It is not generally known that another Committee, called the Attercliffe Writ Committee, charged to examine the same question, has sat for something like a year now, and is still sitting. In August last this Committee reported the evidence it had collected to the House of Commons, and asked to be reappointed this Session in order to make its Report. Mr. Asquith is the chairman of this Committee, and ought to have drawn out the draft report some months ago, but the Factories Act and Welsh Church Bill have occupied his whole time. In any case, the Attercliffe Writ Committee is still waiting for him to furnish it with a draft report. Humourists suggest that Sir W. V. Harcourt should take Mr. Asquith's place as chairman; for to him a draft report would be mere pastime. He could cook you up one on either side in half an hour. One can prove anything from the precedents, as they are absolutely contradictory. Evidently Sir W. V. Harcourt is the man for the position.

At the dinner of the London Municipal Society on the 10th inst. both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain spoke to some purpose. Mr. Balfour confessed that he had committed the error of advising those who had consulted him, to exclude party politics and party organization from municipal elections. He went on to show that the Progressives did not meet the Moderates in the same spirit, but pursued ill-considered schemes of betterment till their legal expenses had exceeded the whole possible product of their betterment projects for the next forty years. Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Chas. Harrison may well be content to pass over this achievement in silence.

Mr. Chamberlain, too, as was to have been expected, made a most excellent speech upon his pet subject. He pointed out that it was not only a duty but almost a necessity for the better classes to take part in local and municipal government; by no other means could they hope to obtain sound and economical administration. "The total expenditure for local rates in England alone,"

he said, "amounts to something like fifty-five millions a year. That is the equivalent of 70 per cent of the total taxable income of the United Kingdom." All the agriculturists therefore, and almost all the shopkeepers in our towns, find the local rates a heavier burden than imperial taxes, and if these classes hold aloof from local administration they are sure to pay smartly for their apathy and neglect.

Is it merely a coincidence, we wonder, that connects the decrease of the National Debt and the increase of local indebtedness? Since the Crimean War the National Debt has been diminished by more than 100 millions sterling, while the local indebtedness in the same time has increased by nearly the same amount, and now stands at 210 millions sterling, or something like 30 per cent of the National Debt. The same peculiarity is seen in the United States. The Americans have wiped out a vast war debt with astonishing rapidity, but their local indebtedness has increased considerably faster than their national indebtedness has diminished. There is something intensely conservative and genial in human nature. You are apt to economize by giving up your stables, and two months later find yourself the proud possessor of a yacht; or one gives up champagne at dinner and soothes one's temperance with a glass of really fine cognac and a wonderful cigar.

Mr. Bartley, it seems, can be humorous on occasion. In answer to a question, Mr. H. Gladstone told the House on Tuesday evening "that the contract for the statue of Oliver Cromwell had not yet been entered into, but the House will be asked to vote £500 on account towards the cost of the statue, and further particulars as to the proposal will be announced." Mr. Bartley then asked pertinently "whether the statue was for the Houses of Parliament, or was to be sent to Ireland?" This mania for getting statues made is worse than ludicrous. We are free to admit that Mr. Thorncroft is by far the best sculptor we have in the country, but he does not rise much above mediocrity, and mediocrities in art should not be encouraged.

The Dominion of Canada, considered as a political institution, has not, perhaps, justified all the sanguine hopes which were entertained at its birth; but it seems clear that it would be better for Newfoundland to be in it than to pursue any longer its melancholy course of failure by itself, whether as a Crown Colony or a self-governing autonomous dependency. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the negotiations for its absorption into the Dominion have fallen through, apparently upon a question of money. This is not a case in which the Colonial Office can afford to be niggardly. The tax-payers' money is spent with profusion upon projects of new empire. They will not begrudge a wise generosity towards the oldest of British colonial possessions.

Something will soon have to be written upon the Martyr Roll of Science. Since Bichat was said to have given his life for men, hundreds of doctors and scientists have followed his example. The latest instance of a victim of devotion to knowledge is Dr. John Byron, the eminent New York bacteriologist, the news of whose premature death at the age of thirty-five has just reached us. Dr. Byron was the director of the Bacteriological Department in the New York University Medical College, and some fifteen months ago, while pursuing his researches in the hope of successfully combating consumption, he contracted the disease. The accident which has ended fatally was brought about by the doctor inhaling some tuberculosis bacteria whilst making his experiments. On discovering a short time afterwards that he was suffering from consumption, he tried a voyage to Europe for his health; but after six months he recrossed the Atlantic with the consciousness that his end was near. Until a short time before his death, however, he insisted on directing the work of his assistants at the Laboratory, recording for the benefit of science the origin and progress of the disease to which he was succumbing. This he is reported by the American papers to have done as calmly as if he were experimenting on something in which he was not personally concerned.

All the signs point to a large majority for Signor Crispi's Government at the Italian elections on the 26th. One of his principal opponents, Signor Zanardelli, has just been beaten in his own home, Brescia, in a municipal election, which shows a drift in favour of the existing order of things far more powerful than had been expected. Perhaps this will be as satisfactory a result as any. There are plenty of arguments for distrust of Crispi, but at least he has held Italy together for eighteen months, which is more than any one dared hope he could do when he took office in December 1893. The country was confessedly bankrupt, and in the throes of revolution to boot. Whole provinces of the mainland were under martial law, civil war was raging in Sicily, and the flight of the King, or at least of his family, was discussed as an event of weeks. We have but imperfect information as to the present state of Italian finance, but at least it must be better than it was; social order has been approximately restored; and the universal admission that no effective opposition to the Government is to be looked for in the elections shows that the general public has recovered from its panic. It is a great deal to have accomplished this under such exceptionally difficult conditions.

"The Grosvenor House Committee," of which the Duke of Westminster has accepted the presidency, has just appointed itself to watch over the diplomatic development of the Armenian question. Of course, Canon Malcolm McColl is one of the honorary secretaries of this committee, and equally, of course, he writes to the *Times* to state what the committee wants and what it does not want. It wants to "provide for the appointment of a Governor over the disturbed region who is not a Mahomedan and not a subject of the Sultan, nor removable by the Sultan." "It follows, of course," we are quoting from the Canon's letter, "that the Governor must have a sufficient force of some kind under him to keep order." We do not need to characterize this proposal to establish an independent Governor in the dominions of a friendly monarch and to support this Governor by a foreign armed force; such an extravagant absurdity must come from the reverend Canon, and not even from the Grosvenor House Committee. What the Canon does not want is that the speech of Lady Henry Somerset at the St. James's Hall meeting should be taken seriously. Her attack upon the harem and her rhetorical condemnation of the crescent and scimitar seem unjust to the Canon. But really his own "demand for justice" goes to such lengths that we cannot see why he should refuse to take the lady with him. Lady Henry Somerset certainly moved the St. James's Hall meeting more than anybody else, and so aroused the enthusiasm which gave birth to the Canon's committee. This fact should have taught the Canon the offices of gentle courtesy.

The recommendations of the Powers to the Porte are still kept secret, but it is known that the scheme of reform advocated is based upon the laws and regulations still existing in Turkey. It is proposed that one-third of the officials in the Armenian provinces shall be Christians, that the Powers shall have the right to veto the nomination of Governors, and that a High Commissioner shall be appointed, who shall not be a European, to supervise the carrying-out of the reforms, and that this official shall be subject to the approval of the three Powers. Further, the gendarmerie shall be recruited from both Mahomedans and Christians, the inhabitants of the Sassoun district are to be indemnified for their losses, and the Kurds are to be disarmed. These reforms, it seems to us, are as far-reaching as the Powers can urge or the Porte can accept, even in view of the fact that the delegates have found confirmation of the atrocities in the fact that 120 houses had been totally destroyed by fire in one village, and that the pits at Ghellyegoozan, wherein the victims of the soldiery had been buried wholesale, had been discovered.

So much indiscriminate eulogy has been heaped upon Tolstoi, especially by those on both sides of the Atlantic who can only know him in English translations, that it is a relief to find even the innermost cult of his worshippers confessing themselves staggered by his

latest production—a translation of the Four Gospels. It is properly to be described as a rewriting rather than a translation, since there is no sign of reference to original sources or any apparent knowledge of contemporary criticism and exegesis. Moreover, to use his own word, he has "harmonized" the four immortal books, which apparently means that he has brought them forcibly into harmony with his notion of how they should have been written. It is all fantastic and impertinent to the last degree, and that, moreover, with scarcely a gleam of the genius which shines through so much of his better work. The publication will be of value, however, in its effect of reducing criticism of Tolstoi to something like a normal basis. His mind and his art are essentially Slavonic, with all the possibilities and all the limitations of a type radically different from ours. We shall continue to admire his "Anna Karénina" and other artistic creations, and to forget his latest unhappy attempt at mystical philosophy.

Under brilliant skies and upon a perfect wicket, the cricket season has opened to a blare of trumpets. The success of Mr. Stoddart in Australia has contributed very largely to the interest of the inaugural week, which has contained some sharp surprises. Most unexpected was the collapse of Surrey before Leicestershire, which was mainly achieved by the indifference of the champion county and the extraordinary bowling of Woodcock, now reputed the fastest bowler in England. Surrey, however, has shaken herself together and met Essex with a better face. Abel's 217 was not only his largest score, but a very perfect performance, and in the newcomer, Holland, who made 123, Surrey has a bat to be reckoned with. Elsewhere the week has been remarkable for the number of tall scores all over the country, most noticeable of which was Mr. Ranjitsinhji's 150 against the M.C.C. on Saturday.

The *Times* has just delivered a trouncing to the Central News. It appears that this agency sent out a telegram, dated 5 February, Wei-hai-wei, containing an account, over 655 words long, of the sea-fight which ended in the practical annihilation of the Chinese fleet. As a matter of fact, says the *Kobe Chronicle*, the despatch in question came from Tokio, or Yokohama, and is based on the official despatch forwarded to Hiroshima by Admiral Ito, and published in the Japanese papers. The 216 words of these excerpts were simply expanded to 655 by some hard-working journalist in the Central News Offices in Fleet Street. The *Times* much regrets "having been led by misrepresentation to publish" such an imaginative account. But the Central News insists that the *Kobe Chronicle* is wrong, and that the telegram was genuine. Hereupon the *Times* challenges the Agency to publish the original telegram. Will the Central News comply with this request?

Our universities are getting on. One of them—London—has now a lady Doctor of Literature. She was presented with her diploma on Wednesday, and it is touching to learn that the first man who took this degree, Dr. Weymouth, sen., presented her to the Chancellor, "an event," says an evening paper, "which is unique and will remain so." It is a bold statement, but perhaps it will be justified. We shall see. Miss Dawes—the lady Doctor—has long studied the connection between modern and ancient Greek; but we hear with some avidity that her great work has been on the "Pronunciation of the Greek Aspirates." She was warmly cheered. No wonder. There are some things in which enthusiasm is positively infectious. After that it leaves us but cold to be informed that 6000 students presented themselves for examination last year. If they had been 6000 Miss Dawes's now!

"To-day our various humanities, professional and other, are more prehensile and more absorbent." . . . "They (Englishmen) realized only that Turkey was the one bulliable (*sic*) Power of Europe and Asia." . . . "They could rough-cast the face of their own large failings by the priceless pose of humanity." . . . "These Imperial paid-for copies." This is not a foreign language; it is what the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* considers English.

AN AMUSING INTERLUDE.

BY way of enlivening the dullness of the Welsh Church Act the House of Commons early this week plunged, without a moment's warning, into the second act of a farce. There were no doors available, so the characters popped up and down in their seats promiscuously, and wove a tangle of confusion, before which Mr. Speaker retreated in haste and Sir William Harcourt lost his temper. The scene wound up with a sally of jests from Mr. Labouchere, and the House recovered its decorum and its wits and settled down to stale commonplace again. But it was good fun while it lasted, and Lord Selborne, the author of the play, has earned by way of gratitude the concentration upon him of public attention. As a Liberal-Unionist whip and Lord Wolmer he was a fairly distinguished figure, but as neither fish, fowl, nor fowl he has achieved infinitely more notoriety. He put a puzzle to the House before which the missing-word competition seems of lukewarm interest. "Am I or am I not a peer?" he asked. Babel is no name for the confusion of voices that answered this question. Sir William Harcourt thought he was; Mr. Balfour was disposed to agree; Sir M. Hicks-Beach was furious that there could be any doubt of it. If he had his way Lord Selborne would have very short shrift, and be hung in the House of Lords forthwith. Mr. George Curzon and the other eldest sons, on the contrary, were determined that Lord Selborne was not a peer, and Mr. Chamberlain ingeniously pleaded their case. The argument of the Government and of the Front Opposition Bench was quite simple: the eldest son of a peer succeeds to the peerage on the death of his father; the application for a writ of summons to the Upper House is merely a formality, a legal probate of his identity and legitimacy. There is no flaw here. But the farce took another turn at this point. Lord Selborne has not applied for the writ, and does not intend to do so. Sir William Harcourt frowned. "Well, we will prove the succession ourselves," said he. "You can't," cried Mr. Chamberlain in triumph; "Lord Selborne won't give evidence." And here again seemed another hitch, till Mr. Labouchere came to the rescue and suggested that it might be proved by the family bible and the family butler. This seemed to solve the question. Mr. Chamberlain looked downcast, and the eldest sons dispersed in gloomy division into the lobbies.

To criticize the little farce seriously would be almost too unkind, but the action the House resolved upon deserves some attention. There were two alternatives open: the one to issue a new writ for West Edinburgh without more ado, and leave Lord Selborne to do the fighting. This would have settled the matter at once, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplated the step in a moment of heat. But obviously the House has no authority to issue a writ until it is in possession of formal knowledge that the seat was vacant; so Sir William altered his mind. The other alternative was to get proof of Lord Selborne's succession and then move for the writ. This, which was clearly the only possible course, the Government did not adopt. One Committee is to determine if Lord Selborne is a peer, and another is to say whether, being a peer, he can still sit in the Commons; and further, the House is not to be bound by either Committee, but is to settle the matter for itself. Was there ever a greater ado about nothing? or a more stupid confusion? Why not have had in the family bible and the family butler, as Mr. Labouchere suggested, and put Lord Selborne instantly to the blush? He might then and there have been taught to know his proper place. The House was plainly obfuscated by Mr. Chamberlain's cunning defence. He was pooh-poohed, but his arguments left an uncomfortable sense upon the House. What, members asked each other, if we are harbouring peers unawares? It was enough to make them rub their eyes and stare suspiciously at their neighbours. Sir James Carmichael, M.P., it appears, could obtain the earldom of Hyndford, if he chose; and it is well known that a former member of Parliament, Mr. Cuninghame Graham, claimed the earldoms of Monteith and Airth. If the House got rid of Lord Selborne on the ground that he was a peer, why should it tolerate Sir James Carmichael? After that, any one might be a peer in disguise, and we might be forgiven or suspecting the credentials of the Irish members, many

of whom, as Mr. Labouchere asserted, had confided to him that they were "dormant monarchs." Obviously, to get rid of these horrible suspicions, a commission of inquiry must sit to investigate the antecedents of every newly elected member, and to make sure that he is—not a peer. The moral of the comedy seems to be that the Radicals love the House of Lords better than the heirs-apparent do. For here was the chance of attacking the hereditary enemies of progress; but the Government and its Radical allies preferred to turn their backs upon the foe. Nay, they actually sustained the dignity of the Upper House. This was the most confounding touch in the whole topsy-turvy. If Lord Selborne had been allowed to take his seat, and the House had connived at it and only wagged its tongue in the lobbies, a precedent would have been established which might have led to very curious results. Lord Rosebery would probably feel very much more comfortable in the House of Commons, and most of the Radical papers at the time of his accession to the Premiership were anxious that he should be able to sit there. We are accustomed to silent revolutions in this country, and the altered relations of the two Houses achieved in some such manner have come quietly enough. We thought that the "Democrats" desired this. But it appears that they do not, for a silence which would have solved the problem of Lord Selborne's position, and might have solved the problem of the House of Lords also, was not kept. The opportunity was taken, instead, for noisy and meaningless disparagement of the Upper House.

KAISER AND REICHSTAG.

THE German Emperor may well be glad that June is close at hand. The magnificent naval parade in the new Baltic Canal, arranged for next month, with its gathering of picked squadrons from all the Powers of Christendom, and its assemblage of ambassadors, princes, and famous captains by land and sea, will afford a background for personal display, full of consolation to a wounded imperial dignity. It is on occasions of this sort that Kaisers are able to forget unpleasant facts. Unfortunately there are few new canals, but there is always a Reichstag, and whether this be new or middle-aged or older, it is like bread-crumbs in the bed of Prussian majesty.

It is significant enough that the two crushing defeats which the Imperial Ministry sustained in Parliament at Berlin on Saturday and Monday have not been followed by any talk about dissolution. The present Reichstag has three years still to run, and apparently all possible combinations, by which a majority could be obtained in it for the thick-and-thin support of Government measures, have been already tried and abandoned in failure. Yet no one, unless, it may be, the Social Democrat, desires to run the grave risk of going to the country and getting a new Reichstag even more confused in purpose and hopelessly divided in action than the existing body. The official handbooks recognize the existence of fourteen separate parties in this interesting parliamentary assembly, not to mention nine remaining members who defy classification, but agree with one another as little as they do with any of the recognized factions. When it is added that the Centre is composed of two or three sections, accustomed to independent action on general questions, and that the two next largest groups, the Conservatives and National Liberals, also display fissiparous tendencies on small provocation, it will be seen that there are almost as many parties in the Imperial Diet as there are States in the Imperial Federation. Nor does confusion end here, for the little factions in their turn are almost as minutely subdivided as their larger rivals. It is a common saying in Germany that the only united party in the existing Reichstag is the Danish, which contains only one man, the member for the Hadersleben division of Schleswig-Holstein. Not even the Social Democrats, whose solid unanimity in previous Parliaments recalled the discipline of Mr. Parnell's force in 1886, have been able to keep from quarrelling among themselves. They profess, indeed, allegiance to a single organization, as does the Irish Parliamentary Party of to-day; but their Singers and Bebel's and Vollmars are at no greater pains to dissemble

their feelings toward one another than our own Healy's and Dillons and Sextons. In brief, the German Reichstag of 1893-8 comes nearer realizing the notion of political chaos than probably any other parliamentary body elected in any land since the idea of government by talk blossomed in the human mind.

No discredit attaches to the Emperor for the mere fact of failure to get on with this assembly. Nobody could get on with it, not even its own elected presiding officers, who resigned their posts six weeks ago. But it is not so clear that the occasions for the inevitable deadlock have been well chosen from the Imperial point of view. To English minds the so-called "Revolution" Bill, even before the Centre loaded it in Committee with preposterous amendments, was a foolish business. It is not the licence of a handful of feather-brained demagogues and penny-a-liners that Germany, and particularly Prussia, suffers from, but the intolerable spirit of arbitrary meddlesomeness which pervades the whole official caste, and which produces alike the wild-tongued mutiny of the few and the much worse dumb servility of the many. German politicians are much given to tracing the effects which union with Prussia has produced upon the smaller States of the Empire. They are no doubt right in saying that the substitution of Berlin for Vienna as a centre of German fashion in thought and conduct has hardened, sharpened, and greatly materialized the national character throughout the Fatherland. They do not, it seems to us, pay sufficient attention to the fact that Prussia in turn has been considerably influenced by the new relationship. Least of all does the Emperor seem to comprehend that the day has gone by when the Prussian liked to be ruled by a king who went round with a rattan, settling domestic and business disputes among his subjects by caning the offenders. It is not yet fifty years since a riot in the Schlossplatz in Berlin, which threatened to end once for all the reign of Frederick William IV., was quelled by the presence of mind of a young officer, who mounted the pedestal of a statue and declared that he had royal authority for the promise that hereafter smoking would be allowed in the Thiergarten. It was as if a mob assembled at Westminster to demand some grave constitutional change, should go away on the pledge that they were to be allowed to ride bicycles in Kensington Palace Gardens. The Prussian has outgrown this childish conception of authority. Association with other Germans in the responsibilities of a great Empire has worn off the provincialism which clung to him with such curious tenacity long after the inhabitants of Frankfurt, Dresden, and Munich had become, by comparison, almost cosmopolitan in their tastes and views.

It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate the importance of the Governmental defeats in the Reichstag. The rejection of the "Revolution" Bill merely leaves matters as they were, and as nobody ever understood why the measure was introduced at all, or in what respect the present anti-sedition laws were insufficient, this cannot be described as a disaster. The refusal of Parliament to increase the tobacco-tax had been foreseen so clearly from the outset that other arrangements have been made to secure the needed revenue, which make the failure of this particular project unimportant. But the lack of statesmanlike sagacity which prompted the Imperial advisers to offer these measures for the Reichstag to throw out may easily contrive other defeats involving more serious consequences. It is a situation which seems to puzzle the Germans themselves quite as much as it does outside observers, and it would be a rash prophet indeed who should venture to predict what will happen next on either side of the game. Perhaps the festivities at Kiel will put both parties—or should one say all the twenty-seven parties?—in a better temper.

FICTION AND DEMOCRACY.

IF anything had been wanting to confirm us in our belief that Dickens made a faithful record of London life, we have it at last in the witness of M. Daudet as conveyed through the channel of an interviewer. M. Daudet, who has been in London some ten days, has recognized the characters of Dickens everywhere. He has seen them "in the flesh." He has observed them

"in the *gamins*, in the ragged girls dancing jigs to the tunes of hurdy-gurdies, in the portly and prosperous shopkeepers—even in the trim servant girls." The truth is, of course, as the *Daily Chronicle* wisely remarks upon this, that "Dickens saw things as an artist always sees them, in their true proportions." When Toots plays his flute, with his stick in his mouth, why, there is London romance for you. When Dombey "bears up" and Mrs. Dombey makes no effort, there, if you please, is the whole English relation between man and wife. Who is there that does not know that the lower classes propose by suggesting that "Barkis is willin'"? Mr. Squeers, in the knowledge of the world, is the type of an English schoolmaster. And there is no one who would not recognize the stamp of the upper classes upon Lord Frederic Verisopht. Even the name convinces us of the realism of Dickens. There they blow and blossom, in the street and in the alley, in the mansion and in the attic, these characters of modern London, just as they were limned and etched by the great master fifty years ago, open to the view of every stray visitor.

There are some foolish people who talk of the "caricatures" of Dickens. We know better, with our *Chronicle*, that "almost all his effects are right." The great heart of London pulses in the fine sentiments, the high passions, and the gnarled idiosyncrasies of his men and women. We wander in the English meadows with little Nell and weep over her. We are touched to rare issues by the common bond of race and humanity which the narratives of Dickens have cast about us. His moving pictures have convicted a world of sin, of unrighteousness, of the tyranny of the great, and of the virtues of the poor and lowly. It is in this respect that we should consider our Dickens, and in considering be grateful. For he it was that first showed the road to the democratization of letters, which we are at this moment steadily pursuing. Thank Heaven, we have the friendly words of the *Chronicle* to cheer us by the way. Style, art, characterization, distinction—these were very well in the days of the Georges; their time is overpast now, and they must give place to the great heart-throbs of humanity. The business of fiction is to take account, as Dickens did, of the humble proletarian, to use him with sympathy, to fetch him forth so crowned with his uncouth virtues that he shall be known before the eyes of his fellows as the future lord of all. But there is every reason to anticipate a higher development in fiction even than this. At present we must write about the proletarian; at no distant date we shall be writing for him. That is why Dickens is so valuable. He has forecast the years and anticipated his own immortality. That is why the *Daily Chronicle* appreciates him and approves M. Daudet for coming to his rescue. We shall only be content when we can cut all our novels to the sympathetic patterns of Dickens. Trotty Veck, for example, is the type of all old men in the lower class of life. To have drawn him wicked would have been a great disservice to democracy. But Dickens knew better. It is the beating of that loving heart that draws us to the novelist with such irresistible attraction. Sympathies shall broaden like the circles in a pond, and love shall grow from more to more. The great world shall be bound at last by gold chains about the feet of democracy. And literature will serve as a very neat-fingered handmaid to the new divinity, a hired laureate to compose in its honour. We look forward to the nationalization of letters, as of land and capital and the rest; and it will be a *real* nationalization. The State will see to that. Our coming Board of Letters will discharge very sharp and prompt functions. There will be no nonsense then, and no foolish tolerance. For a while, maybe, the police-courts will be full of poets who are obstreperous and novelists who are obstinate; but these will soon cease to kick with fading spirit against the pricks, and by-and-by fall into silence. And beyond all and behind all is a still further stage of evolution, which as yet may merely be guessed at or seen darkly—a stage when literature shall be written, not only about the Democracy, and for the Democracy, but by the Democracy also. The hand of Dickens points the way, and though the time may be long in arriving, it is pleasant to contemplate with visionary eyes the prosperous peace of that dull twilight of art and letters which is our ultimate haven.

OUR INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY.

IN the telegram of the 2nd instant from the Simla correspondent of the *Times*, two objections are raised against frontier experience of former years being now accepted as a guide in determining our Trans-Indus policy. I will offer a few remarks on the points indicated by him.

It is true that my experience was acquired under very different conditions of arms and equipment from those now obtaining; but, nevertheless, it is to the credit of our soldiers—British and native—that they never failed to come out of action with success, unless placed by the controlling authority in a false position, or because of the incapacity of their leaders. At the same time, no one can be more sensible than I am to the impossibility of ill-armed and undisciplined tribesmen, however brave, being able to offer successful resistance to troops armed with repeating rifles and modern cannon; and in my first letter to the *Times* I clearly expressed that opinion.

No one conversant with our existing position in India can question the power of the Government to subdue all the independent tribesmen inhabiting the valleys that intervene between British territory and the great Himalayan range, as also along that portion of the frontier which has been assigned by us to the Amir of Cabul; but after this has been accomplished, there will remain the necessity for maintaining their subjection. A correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of "Mountaineer," boldly assigns such conquest and subjection as the line of policy that ought to be kept in view and acted upon. I am not able to believe in the wisdom of such a progressive measure, and it is for this reason that I am opposed to the first steps being taken which lead sooner or later to that result.

The original occupation of Chitral brought about, amongst other difficulties, the delicate and complicated question of succession to the rulership of that petty State. Then came the urgent call to succour our beleaguered garrison in the fort of Chitral, and to accomplish this object we were led beyond the Peshawar Valley into contact with a new agglomeration of independent tribes. Fortunately for the easy attainment of our object, the ruler of Dir and his clansmen, having a feud with Umra Khan, and also being of a weaker tribe than their neighbours, sided, as has happened before now, with the invader and gave very useful aid.

Henceforth Dir is brought more or less under British influence, with all the consequences appertaining to administration, succession, and last, though not least, protection from its stronger and braver neighbours. There still remain Bajour, Banair, Swat, and other tribes to be settled with; so that in addition to the present Chitral episode proper, there loom in the future further demands for men and means, with a repetition of all the difficulties arising from the first step of interference. And when all is to outward appearance working smoothly, what will be the feeling at the bottom of the heart of every Pathan but the desire to recover his independence.

In a previous letter I alluded to our straits at the great Mutiny of 1857. I might also have asked what would have been the additional responsibility imposed upon the Government of Lord Lytton during the last Afghan war had the Progressist view of to-day been then in operation?

Replying to the Simla correspondent's remark relative to the new route from Peshawar to Chitral, I readily admit that the less such a highway is continuous with the valleys and homes of the more powerful clans, the fewer will be the causes of friction arising out of its use; but to my mind the claim to cross at pleasure the range of mountains which has heretofore been the acknowledged boundary that has separated the Peshawar valley from the independent tribes, will not be forgiven by men who, from time immemorial, have sustained their claim to independence. Not only do these tribes claim independence, but there is a common saying amongst them that "Every Pathan is his own lord."

The reasons I have given for noninterference in the affairs of the independent tribes above-mentioned are, I think, sufficiently weighty to counterbalance any advantage to be acquired by the existence of a road through

Chitral to Asmar, and thence to Jellalabad. Such a road would, I believe, be viewed by the Amir of Cabul as casting suspicion on his good faith, or as implying a possible design of further extension of the British frontier. It would be longer than the ordinary route through the Khyber, it possesses greater natural difficulties, and could be more easily closed by a hostile force than the Khyber. Neither during the first nor during the second Afghan war has the Khyber been unavailable to us, nor is it likely to be so in the future if we leave the Affredi tribesmen their independence, and pay them fairly for the guardianship of the Pass, which is their inheritance and their patrimony.

I do not say that the hillmen are angels; they are ready at all times to plunder and murder a beaten foe who may come their way, whatever be his nationality or religion. It has been their habit to do so for ages past; they are hungry and needy, and they tell you this with a smile on their faces. No men in the world have a better appreciation of a rupee, or are better able to give full service for its value.

It was not to be expected that along such a border friction or conflict could be altogether avoided; but I believe that by frank and kindly intercourse such contingencies may be reduced to a minimum now that our power to punish has been so often made manifest. When there is nothing left but to resort to arms, such a punishment should be inflicted as will remain a good lesson for the future, and then the tribe should be left to regret its foolhardiness.

Various are the ways, short of war, of punishing these peoples, and in times past they have proved in the hands of skilful district officers a sufficient deterrent. In fact, the elders or headmen are generally well disposed to live at peace with us, and are even not displeased at times by the adoption of measures which reduce to reason the more turbulent of their clansmen.

It was in violation of military principles that Chitral was originally occupied by a small British garrison. It was six hundred miles from the British frontier, it was not accessible at all times of the year, and at the best of seasons was only to be reached by threading barren defiles devoid of supplies for man or beast. A new route of two hundred miles, again beyond the British border, is now, with all its prospective difficulties, a prescribed remedy for past faults; and if Chitral is to remain a British outpost, that line of communication becomes a necessity. However, as our statesmen have on two occasions thought it wise to withdraw our forces from Afghanistan, is it not now possible—without loss of prestige—to make over Chitral and its inhabitants to the safe custody of the Amir of Cabul? That sovereign is already the custodian of hundreds of miles of the frontier which separates Afghanistan from Central Asia, and he can therefore be trusted in his own interests, as well as in those of England, to keep watch and ward over an additional Pass leading from the desolate region of the Pamirs.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, General.

DIES DOMINÆ.

I. THE FRUIT OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN a physician is accused of having concealed from his patient the nature and extent of his malady, he sometimes justifies the deception by asserting that a revelation would tend rather to increase than diminish the disease. If we pursue this contention into the domain of the soul, it would seem that Michelet, who found the daughters of his generation *malade* and told them so, was in a measure responsible for the delirium that has supervened. In Michelet's day, however, and especially in Michelet's land, *la femme malade* was yet in the incipient stage of her sickness, and none but he suspected that all was not well with her. But since Michelet has been with the shades, his words have become axiomatic in a way he never dreamed of, and in this country, at least, the malady of modern woman is a phrase in every man's mouth. With the unconscious irony that permeates the nomenclature of our time, the woman so affected is called "new"—new, that is, in the sense of recent, strange, and unexpected. She is regarded not as an evolution inevitable as any other natural process, but as an excrescence on the face of society, the fungus-like

growth of a night. Because the environment out of which she has arisen and the spiritual conditions of which she is the expression are not obvious to the superficial critic, the new woman is to-day the jest of every fool and the *bête noire* of every philosopher. Her enemies will have none of her; her partisans find no fault in her at all. But neither of them have ever swept their mind clear of prejudice and sat down to analyze her essential elements. And yet to probe the motives of her life were to appreciate its significance, and to understand her aspirations were to feel some sympathy with them. That sympathy it is the purpose of these articles to promote.

That the present incarnation of the feminine spirit bears less resemblance to its immediate ancestress than to that of any previous generation is indisputable. Our ideals are not our mother's ideals, nor our gods her gods, which is not to say that we are bowing the knee in the house of Rimmon. To put aside for a moment the questions of temperament and character, the evolution of the modern woman has been accomplished mainly through the awakening of her intellect by means of education. Taking the women of the past *en masse*, we can disintegrate them into body, a faint infusion of soul, and nothing more. Whatever intellectual qualities the burden of their madonnaship spared to them were so mildewed by centuries of disuse that brain-energy formed no portion of their unleavened humanity. They toiled, they spun, but they did not think, for man was not disposed to encourage the exercise of a function whose presence he almost doubted, reflecting that her creation was a mere afterthought of God. So on through the cycle of time passed the mother of men, first a beast of burden in the uncouth morn of manners, then a thing "enskied and sainted," when an age of chivalry had dawned upon a world that esteemed virtue "sweeter than the lids on Juno's eyes."

It is impossible here to trace the gradual alienation of the sex from the thralldom of this ideal sentiment. For the second time woman has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and although she has not surely died, it cannot yet be asserted that her system has assimilated the food. This spiritual indigestion is, in fact, the malady that has taken an acute form since Michelet diagnosed its first symptoms, and the cure, at all events, is still to seek. Among the remedies which woman prescribes for herself work is the commonest. Of its infallibility she is almost persuaded, and her faith in it has indeed removed the mountain of prejudice which for long refused to associate the ideas of work and womanhood. But now the gate of almost every industrial field stands open so that she may enter in, though whether the harvest is quite worth garnering is another matter. Women have reiterated their love for work with such persistence that men at last believe them, though the woman is yet to be born who really loves work or even knowledge as an end in itself. She may spend her energies in the pursuit of an arduous career for money, or because her life is empty without the excitement of it, or even because she can do it better than most men. But to say that she loves work better than liberty and leisure is a pathetic pretence. Woman will only clamour for work when she cannot exercise the will to live in any other way. Life to her means play, though in nine cases out of ten she would rather work than atrophy. Surely the fact that the New Woman is always trying to persuade herself that work is a blessing when she knows in her heart of hearts it is a curse, is one of the saddest of "life's little ironies." It is only just better than the "tears, idle tears," which used to be her portion. Still if the way of work is but a *via dolorosa* at best, it is also a path of escape. And how beautiful are the feet of those who are passing from the old prison-house to the new, dreaming the while of freedom.

Man does not, however, take kindly to the woman-worker. He resents her ink-stained fingers, her paint-stained toilette, and her air *affairée* with a sense of personal injury. It renders her dangerously indifferent to him, to his protecting arm, to his indisputable opinion, even to the love which was her whole existence in the dear dead days of her dependence. It makes him realize all unwillingly that, although she was created as an afterthought, God has not forgotten anything—neither soul, nor mind, nor strength. Knowledge may be a curse,

but it is also a kingdom, and nature is, after such long delays, fitting her hand to the sceptre and her brow to the crown, though it doth not yet appear what she shall be. When all is told (if all ever is told concerning woman) it will be seen that the passion for power is burning the soul of the modern maid away, though still she "lets concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek," as Shakespeare said of a passion quite other. Women who have beauty rule the world remorselessly through the medium of the senses, but now the women who have it not are learning to rule in another way. Through cultivation the intellect has developed its own emotions, which is simply to say that the emotional capacity of a woman can be perverted from the service of the senses to the service of the mind. By almost imperceptible degrees the attraction of art supersedes the attraction of actuality till it ends by absorbing the whole being. *Æsthetic* passion can only be indulged at the expense of human passion, and the sterilization of natural instincts follows as an inevitable result. At this point man begins to rail at the sexlessness of the New Woman. He has prepared a dish of love for her since the world began. It is the only *plat* he knows how to cook, and now, for the first time, she has no appetite for the banquet. That it is badly cooked, so overdone that no piquancy is left in it, never occurs to him, nor that woman has turned to more ethereal food out of sheer disgust at a diurnal *réchauffé*. If the modern Eve is a sexless creature, man has largely his own clumsiness to thank for it. For the rest, she has not yet had time to regain her moral, mental, and physical equilibrium. Having starved for centuries, she has now to recover from the surfeit of intellectual dainties to which she has helped herself with both hands. They are so fresh, so new, so fair, these sensations of the spirit, and upon them is the savour of life unto life.

Other incongruities there are which result from this maladjustment of the mechanism of her being. Such lack of balance is common to all imperfect and embryonic creatures. To gain much without losing much is the privilege of proficiency, and the modern woman is proficient in nothing save in the art of misrepresenting herself. She has become an intelligence, but she has ceased to be a delight, and the cultivation of her intellect has been accomplished at the expense of every grace of person and charm of manner. There is nothing essentially antithetical between a dress made by Doucet and a love of literature, or a good complexion and a knowledge of Greek verbs. The secret of their reconciliation in the same person woman has yet to learn. How to pass from ignorance to scholarship without becoming "*diablement changée en route*" is a problem which the modern Corinne has not yet permitted to ruffle the sublimity of her self-esteem.

A WOMAN OF THE DAY.

THE CHAMP DE MARS.

AN exhibition in which neither M. Degas, nor M. Gustave Moreau, nor M. Monet exhibit their works, and in which neither Mr. Whistler nor M. Carolus-Duran have any picture for the year, cannot be said to be really representative of the best art which is being produced to-day in France: this is the case of the exhibition at the Champ de Mars; yet to what infinitely greater advantage does Parisian art appear there than in the galleries of the Champs-Élysées! At the Champ de Mars there is much work that is merely commonplace, and much that is merely experimental; although even the large and vague experiment of M. Carrière, "*Théâtre Populaire*" (No. 237), or the more amusing ones of M. Maurice Denis, his "*Visitation*" (No. 409), for instance, come as a relief, after the unrelieved vulgarity and cleverness of the Salon. Yet neither experiments such as these, interesting though they be, nor even charming and really artistic work, such as that of M. Besnard—and how admirable in its way is his "*Port d'Alger (au crépuscule)*" (No. 107)—give to these galleries their note of distinction, but a single work which must always be memorable in the history of art, a work in which all the finest and rarest qualities of art in its most complex and difficult aspect are to be found: we allude, of course, to M. Puvis de Chavannes' decorative painting, "*Les Muses inspiratrices acclament le Génie, messages*

de lumière" (No. 1027). This painting, which is intended for one of the walls of the staircase in the Library at Boston, appears to much disadvantage, wanting, as it does, its framework of architecture; and especially as the space covered by the picture is broken below, in the centre, by a doorway, and above, by the pendentives of the vault of the staircase, which divide the upper part into a series of five lunettes. The first impression which this painting produces is one of singular simplicity both in design and colour: except for the sketch of blue sea, which extends through the whole length of the composition, it appears almost like a painting in *grisaille*. The figures of the Muses, holding lyres in their hands, and clad in plain, unadorned robes of white, rise from a shore of grassy dunes to welcome the genius of heavenly light in the semblance of a winged youth. A few slender trees of oak and olive stand out, among the white forms of the Muses, against the level breadth of an untroubled sea and sky; the foreground is broken by masses of heather and bushes of laurel; and two sculptural figures of women, heavily draped, and painted in *grisaille*, are placed below the winged figure on either side of the doorway. Such are the simple elements of a picture of which the treatment is no less simple, the elaboration no less fastidious.

That severity of design, that scrupulous avoidance of any extreme either in tone or colour, which have always been characteristic of the works of M. Puvis de Chavannes, are here carried farther than in any of his previous works; than in the pictures of 1877 in the Panthéon, or in the vast painting of 1889 in the theatre of the new Sorbonne. Indeed, the painting of the Muses at the Champ de Mars possesses something of that frugal manner which has often characterized the productions of the great masters of monumental art, working toward the close of a prolonged life; a manner which comes, not so much from any poverty or failure of resource, as from the knowledge and confidence which the experience of a long life begets of immense powers. In the designs which Michelangelo in his old age made for his friends, in the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, to cite great instances, this frugal use of great powers produces a sense of profound strength united with a sense of primitive simplicity: in the painting of the Muses, that grace and delicacy, that *netteté*, which are natural to the French genius, and which M. Puvis de Chavannes preserves among his most personal characteristics, coming in, save this sense of great power from any suspicion of what is morbid, this effect of primitive simplicity from any rugged or unbeautiful accent. Let us especially observe the tone and colouring of the picture, elements of his design in which this frugal manner is employed with singular effect; how nearly all the colours approach to gray, excepting the white and blue; the white of the gleaming skirts of the Muses; the blue of the level sea, stretching throughout the length of the picture. Apart by itself, this blue would appear colourless; but in its place in the picture it shows as the one precise colour, possessing a singular effect of pallor and intensity, seen, as it is, in contrast with the gray-like greens of the foreground and the gray-like yellows of the sky. No characteristic of M. Puvis de Chavannes' art has been more often misunderstood than his practice of avoiding, especially in his later wall-paintings, any extreme, or even pronounced, contrast of tone or colour. This trait is commonly spoken of as an arbitrary mannerism, an idiosyncrasy in which the painter indulges to the damage of his art; whereas in nothing does M. Puvis de Chavannes show his knowledge of the architectonic conditions of mural painting as unmistakably as in his treatment of this element of design. In it he differs from the great mass of French artists who have attempted this kind of decorative art, and resembles the Italian painters of the Renaissance who worked in fresco and tempera. No one who has seen the wall-paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa could deny that the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli, in which the general tone of the picture is rather light than dark, and equable than broken, are not beyond all question more decorative than the sixteenth-century paintings on the north wall, in which there are great contrasts and great depth of tone. Again, the series of historical pictures in the Panthéon at Paris shows a number of

paintings by contemporary artists, in which this problem of the general tone of a picture is variously treated according to the personal taste of the painter. Yet in those paintings in which there are great contrasts and depth of tone, as in the "Martyrdom of St. Denis" by M. Bonnat, there is the same want of decorative effect, the same sense that the tone of the painting is at variance with the tone of the surrounding architecture, as in the case of the late paintings at Pisa; while in the paintings from the life of St. Geneviève by M. Puvis de Chavannes, in which the general tone of the picture is treated in the same broad and equable manner as in the frescoes of Benozzo, the decorative effect, however different in its kind, is rich and complete, and in entire harmony with its architectural setting.

No French painter who has attempted the classic, the monumental, in his art, has succeeded more completely in avoiding the formulas of the grand manner than M. Puvis de Chavannes. Since Giulio Romano's painting, "Le grande Sainte Famille de François I^{er}," came to France as a veritable work of Raphael, and the notion possessed French artists that in the academic design and heavy embrowned colouring of that picture, rather than in the chaste gaiety and sweet naturalism of "La Belle Jardinière," the true Raphael, *veterum aemulus*, and the pattern of classic art, were to be found; no French painter, not even Ingres, could wholly escape the mannerisms of the Academists. In the struggle which modern art in France has made to free itself wholly from such influences, one painter, and one alone, M. Puvis de Chavannes, has approached the idea of classic painting from within, admiring its sincerity, its health, its naturalism, its proper dependence upon architecture. It is this which gives its immense distinction to his painting, which renders his work, alone among the works of those modern artists who have attempted monumental art, truly classic, resembling Greek art, in the sense that a fresco by Masaccio resembles Greek art, by reason of its sincerity, its naturalism, its care for what Goethe calls the distinguishing mark of the master, "*Architectonice* in its highest sense." A mingled solemnity and gaiety is everywhere present in his work; the solemnity of perfect culture, the gaiety of perfect health: he works with the *naïveté* of a child, for whom everything still possesses an element of surprise. It is the possession of these qualities which renders his work comparable to the work of the great Italians, and his place in French art unique and splendid.

OUR OLDER POETS.

THE public, we think, is becoming a little tired of the reiterated puffing which has been bestowed for the last two or three years on "our younger poets." The bardlets of the Bodley Head sit in a row, and have pomatum rubbed into their heads, week after week, by the assiduous Mr. Le Gallienne, who will presently skip up beside them again and expect to have pomatum rubbed into him. It becomes a little sickening at last, this making friends with the Mammon of advertisement, and we think that the time has come to draw public attention away for a moment from these garrulous youngsters to some of those whose claims on our regard have stood the battle and the breeze a little longer. We propose, very briefly, to suggest how much has been done, that is more than creditable, by living English poets who were born more than sixty years ago. Silence, you long-haired young gentlemen, and listen for a moment to your elders!

It is rather alarming to a middle-aged reader to reflect that Mr. William Morris has passed beyond that mystic line of sixty years. He has only just crossed it, but to those who were long accustomed to think of him as one of the heralds of romantic youth, the thought is a slightly melancholy one. We hear, for the moment, but little of Mr. Morris as a poet. He is not in sympathy with the harsh and boisterous fashions of the existing world of letters. "The idle singer of an empty day" is scarcely welcome where all the singers are so busy and the day is so closely filled with mercantile enterprise. Mr. Morris, too, has not been happy in all his public appearances. He has estranged many old-fashioned admirers, who would gladly have supported him, by his politics, grotesque at once and feeble, the politics of a dreamer

gone astray in our complex modern world. And he has been silent, too, for many years, the curiously unequal and faulty volume called "Poems by the Way," in which lyrics of extreme beauty were mingled with matters that were naught, itself being now by no means a recent book. Since then he has been a printer, and a writer of prose romance, and a socialistic pamphleteer, and an art critic; but as a poet he is in suspension. Who is there who remembers that, as long ago as 1869, there were announced as almost ready for publication, those "tales in verse," "The Dolphins and the Lovers," and "Amys and Amillion"? These the world has never seen, and if Mr. Morris keeps them locked away from us in a desk, he robs us, we are certain, of a rare pleasure.

Who would not rejoice to read "The Dolphins and the Lovers"? We could almost construct it from the title. It would be written (we feel sure) in slow, dignified *rime royal*, and it would open (we cannot doubt) with a description of some melancholy sea breaking on the shores of a green island unknown to man, where the Lovers pace the beach, gazing into one another's eyes, and eating golden fruits upon a May morning. To them arrive the Dolphins (we seem to hear the melodious lapping of the soft rhymes), ploughing the warm waves with their snouts and uttering strange murmurs of prophecy. Mr. Morris was in those days, and essentially remains, an enchanter, a wandering child of romance intoxicated with his own dreams. No poet has filled his verse with such a succession of pictures as he, all harmonious, all refined and melancholy, all with the dew of the old world sparkling upon them. What business has he, the troubadour of modern song, to meddle with politics? The very word seems to rub some of the gold dust from his delicate wings. He may be out of fashion now, but he is one of the very few who may rank with the great narrative poets of England, with Chaucer and Dryden and Keats.

Three octogenarians of much distinction walk still among our living poets. About Mr. Frederick Tennyson, now approaching his ninetieth year, there hangs the magic of his family name. His is not, and has never seemed, a strongly defined talent. Without imitating any one writer, Mr. Tennyson's dignified verse strikes us as an amalgam of good models, a poetry made up of Wordsworth and Landor, of Shelley and of his own brother Alfred. He has carried the cultivation of the art into extreme old age, and is even now, it is announced, preparing a volume for publication. Mr. Aubrey de Vere is more essentially a poet. His gift, indeed, is so varied, polished, and spontaneous, his output so copious and agreeable, that it is difficult to know why it has not gained for him more readers. He probably is at this moment more widely admired than ever before. The opposite is true of Mr. Philip James Bailey, whose "Festus" was produced, amid a storm of plaudits, nearly sixty years ago. Young readers will scarcely credit that a poet still lives who once appeared to be a dangerous rival to Tennyson and to have utterly quenched Browning. Yet the influence of Mr. Bailey was at one time great, and he himself was the leader of a prominent school.

A great favourite with the public on account of one set of qualities, and with an inner circle of initiated lovers of poetry on account of another, Mr. Coventry Patmore has never yet received that definite position to which his remarkable genius entitles him. Naturally born to the exercise of qualities equally audacious and subtle, he chose, in all his early work, to employ themes and measures so simple that the Philistines imagined him to be one of themselves, and cherished him as if he had been a quieter Tupper. With gifts of versification second only to the very best, Mr. Patmore, out of pure arrogance, restricted himself, year after year, to sixes and eights, and concealed his philosophical survey of the Earthly and the Heavenly Love under an allegory of milksop deans and croqueting daughters. We should say that the defect of Mr. Patmore's genius was its disdain of popular instinct and its determination to live at transcendental heights, and we have often wondered what could be the feelings of so sardonic a personage when he heard himself belauded as a sort of pet-lamb led in a blue riband along the milder declivities of Parnassus. Suddenly he threw disguise aside, and in the

18 May, 1895.

"Odes" of 1868 he plunged into the subtleties of amorous metaphysic and was lost in an obscurity that came from excess of light. The admirers of "The Angel in the House" left him at once, and there slowly took their place a circle of students of a very different order, who perceived in him a poet of the rarest spiritual austerity, a lyrical of incomparable distinction, one of the most exquisite interpreters of divine love by the analogy of human passion that English literature has ever known. When we get far enough away from Mr. Patmore to bring his apparent inconsistencies into focus, we shall probably acknowledge in him one of the chief ornaments of Victorian poetry.

When Mr. W. Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti began their work of proselytism at Oxford, they possessed a friend who seemed about to share their glory. But the name of Richard Watson Dixon has remained obscure even to many who are familiar with the history of poetry. Of his six volumes—the "Christ's Company" of 1861 was the earliest, and the "Eudocia" of 1888 remains the latest—not one attracted any general attention. Canon Dixon is crabbed, thorny, unprepossessing as a poet; even the extraordinary performance of his epic of "Mano" in *terza rima* has not attracted readers. It is not to be expected that such poetry should be widely enjoyed, for enjoyment has not been its object. Canon Dixon is like one of the hard gnomic poets of the middle of the eighteenth century; he is like Henry More, or Lord Brooke. He is fated to be neglected, but not to be lost. To the end of time there will be a chance that some curious student may unearth this isolated product of the Victorian era.

Lord de Tabley, too, has been writing for more than thirty years, but it is only within the last two or three that he has rather suddenly risen into recognition. After Mr. William Morris and Mr. Patmore, he is certainly the most considerable of our older living poets. Lord de Tabley had long failed to attract the taste of our age, which is almost ostentatiously wedded to low tones and pale colours, by the splendour of his style, which is more jewelled and tapestried than that of any other modern writer. Of his poetry that may with justice be repeated which was said by Mark Pattison of Claudian's "Rape of Proserpine"—"nothing in it is named without being carved, decked, and coloured from the inexhaustible resources of the poet's treasury." It might be expected that such elaboration would be popular—it certainly is when the gold is tinsel and the embroidery shoddy—but the public is scared by real magnificence of diction. Lord de Tabley, however, is safe among the English poets. Nor is it possible to believe that, in their reduced tone and mannered grace, the mundane lyrics of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson will ever cease to hold a respectable place in the lighter section of our literature. In his own way, a way not quite to be confounded with that of Præd, or Holmes, or of a later master, he remains unique. We have left ourselves no space to speak of the Indian ballads of Sir Alfred Lyall; of the English lyrics of Mr. Alfred Austin; of the odes, sometimes so tortured and obscure, but often so brilliant in their evolution, of Mr. George Meredith. We have not desired to make reservations and detect blemishes in the writers we have mentioned,—that could easily be done. For the moment we are appreciative rather than critical, since our object is to insist, in face of the clamorous self-praise of a handful of very young men, on the wealth of poetry produced by those who are no longer young, and who are, after all, but the survivors of a splendid generation. We are confident that from the ten or twelve "older" poets whom we have mentioned an anthology could be made which, in its variety, wealth, and melody, would contrast favourably with the best work of any later generation.

OPERA IN ENGLAND.

ON Monday evening last the Italian opera season opened at Covent Garden with a merry rattle and a bang. At eight o'clock (or thereabout) the curtain rose, disclosing not the first scene of "Otello," but a bust of Her Majesty the Queen with the limelight full upon it and the chorus grouped around in attitudes expressive of grateful reverence. Then the band

struck up, the chorus joined in, and after some moments' noise I realized that Costa's disarrangement of the melody known to foreign chorus-singers as "Gott seff ze Kwen" was being sung in broken English. Of course, it is right that after the trebles have protested their loyalty in B flat the altos should lisp theirs in F; and the din in the final verse, which permits every one to sing what he or she likes, and in whatever key, is just the thing to put an English audience in a good humour. But it is shocking bad art for all that, and the performance places you in an unpleasant predicament. If you keep your seat you are disloyal; if you rise you acquiesce in an insult to your æsthetic sense; and on the whole, perhaps, you may be forgiven if you go out and pray that this characteristic remnant of Costa's vulgarity may speedily go after Costa. If the English National Anthem is indispensable as a prelude to Italian opera, at least let us have it in true Penny-Reading fashion. To join in Costa's version is to flout the occupants of the Royal box, a proceeding which every really loyal person will deplore.

This particular bit of Costa-mongery seems a small matter to make a fuss about, but it is significant of much that still haunts Italian opera, despite the Herculean efforts of Sir Augustus Harris to purge that entertainment of its imbecilities and banalities. At Covent Garden, the orchestra, dresses, and stagemounting generally, proclaim the year 1895 and the reign of Sir Augustus Harris, while the singers, both soloists and chorus, the conductors, and the works performed, mostly belong to 1865, and remind one irresistibly of the reign of Costa. Why should the chorus jerk about the stage as impossibly as badly worked marionettes, and be incapable of any gradation of tone between a fortissimo and a piano? Why should the conductor annoy every one in the theatre by beating time so frequently on his desk? Why should the bell ring so loudly and the voice of the chorus-master be heard behind the scenes? These, too, are apparently trifles, but a very small absurdity may spoil even a great performance, and I believe Sir Augustus can remedy them at once without trouble or expense. As for the singers, at any rate he might make it a rule that no bows shall be made before the end of a scene, and that is about all that any one can do while Italian singers are Italian singers; for to the Italian singer of to-day, as to his forebear of a couple of centuries ago, the opera is an opportunity of singing certain songs in certain costumes and with certain—much too certain,—indeed, quite inevitable—gestures. So long as that conception prevails, so long will the ladylike tenor confide his most delicate secrets to the gallery, turning his back on his beloved for the purpose, so long will his beloved grin through her deathsong, and rise from her dying couch to thank the audience for their approval of her realistic acting and consumptive voice. I am afraid that this sort of thing will only disappear when we get rid of Italian opera altogether; and this brings me to my main point. How is it that in an England given over to Wagnerism, in a London where Wagner is supposed to be generally triumphant, where only Wagner concerts are profitable, we cannot get the "Niebelung's Ring" nor the "Meistersingers" put into the repertory? The answer is simply that in so far as we are a musical people at all we are a concert-going, not an opera-going, people, and that opera is kept alive, or, if you like, galvanized, chiefly by people who regard it as a social affair, and to a very small extent by those who wish to hear music for its own sake. The Covent Garden subscribers happen to like Mascagni and Auber better than Wagner, and they are willing to pay for what they like; while we, who like Wagner, wish to be provided with what we like at the expense of Sir Augustus Harris. Only a few of the early operas, such as "Lohengrin," draw big houses, and the only plan of making "Tristan" pay its way is that of putting a "big" singer like Jean de Reszke into it. The Wagner Society still talks of "cause": it issues Wagner's prose nonsense translated into more nonsensical "English," it actually sends subsidies to the profitable shop at Bayreuth, and when a Wagner concert is announced prominent members wait until nearly every seat is sold, and then rush in with a noble but superfluous offer to take all the risk. This is generous; but you can hardly expect the members, prominent or other, to help in making

Covent Garden the rival of Bayreuth. Never more would the doors of "Wahnfried" be opened to them, never more would they be welcomed to afternoon tea with the smile due to good customers! By saying a couple of words the Wagnerites could persuade Sir Augustus to mount all the music-dramas, but just for the sake of a smile they leave us, just for a cup of tea. The words are left unspoken, and we must await the growth of popular taste, consoling ourselves with the best renderings Covent Garden can give us of a kind of opera superior in a few respects to the opera of Costa's day, and certainly inferior in many to the opera of Handel's day.

For the old form had at least the saving merit of consistency. The absurd convention was frankly accepted for the sake of the songs. If the tenor were eaten by "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," and sang a lovely song as he went down, every one knew, but no one felt, the absurdity; and if an encore were demanded and the beast disgorged and then re-devoured the tenor, that was accepted too; for the song was the thing, and the play merely the opportunity for the song. Then Gluck "reformed" the old form by introducing just sufficient common sense to make the convention patently preposterous to every one save those who were brought up in the opera-house and wrote operas; and the history of Italian opera since that time is the history of a mistake—a mistake which only the genius of Gluck himself and Mozart could render tolerable. The latest endeavours of Boito, Verdi, and Leoncavallo to graft Wagnerian dramatic development upon the Italian form, to throw away the convention yet keep it, have resulted in a hybrid which has its interest, undoubtedly, but hardly an artistic interest. Consider Verdi's "Otello," with which the season opened so brilliantly on Monday. There you have as powerful a libretto as an old-fashioned Italian with a hot brain and a keen eye for effect could conceive. It is Shakespeare's "Othello" with all the accessories swept away that would be obstructive in an opera. The real motive power of the drama, Othello's morbidly childish jealousy, is clearly felt throughout, and the action rushes on with irresistible energy to the final tragedy. A Wagner with an eye for character might have done something with such a story. But Verdi rarely keeps a grip of it for five consecutive minutes. Either he is trifling, as in the first act, or merely uproarious, as in the second, or, as in the last, prettily pathetic. The best parts occur when he lets himself go in the style he really understands, speaks in the idiom that is native to him. When he puts on the banjo accompaniment, and writes a genuine melody, he often by sheer force of genius gets an effect analogous to that Bach got with the old German chorales, though Verdi's effects are far less splendid. But when all is said, "Otello" is less a music-drama than a drama with music. Everything depends on the drama and the principal singers, and the most that can be said of the music is that it sometimes helps a little and is rarely a positive nuisance. Tamagno is so prodigiously fine an actor in the part of Othello that the ordinary occupant of the gallery may readily credit the effect he produces to the composer, which is a little unfair. The Iago of Monday was too good-natured to count for much; but Albani helped to keep the drama alive. She occasionally scooped up a note painfully; but for the most part she sang artistically, and, extraordinary though it may seem, acted with appropriate farce and feeling, in spite of her mannerisms. And after all was over, after Tamagno had rolled dead across the stage, and the curtain fell, and he came up so quickly, smiling, on the other side that I believe he rolled too far and was making the best of the situation, I knew I had enjoyed the evening, and knew also that my enjoyment was far more due to the singers than to the composition. Boito's "Mefistofele," given on Tuesday, is as much finer and truer in conception than "Otello" as it is coarser and falsier in execution. It is a made opera: I will take my oath that not a phrase of it came up wild, as Wagner said. Every spot of colour is admirably placed, only the colour itself is often very far from admirable. Unfortunately, also, neither Mefistofele nor Faust was played by the right singer. Plançon is excellent in most parts, but Mefistofele is not one of them. What a weird notion is that of the Grey Friar wandering about "spectrally" and hardly

distinguishable from the rising evening mists—and how completely Plançon ruined it, first by swinging ponderously round the stage like a ridiculous old gentleman out for a constitutional in his dressing-gown, then by coming down to the footlights and poking his nose into Faust's mouth. Boito is responsible for the whistling nonsense later on in the act, but De Lucia made it unnecessarily comic by stopping his ears with his fingers. Plançon's singing was always too heroic for Mefistofele. De Lucia sang his best in the last act, but he seldom acted well, and in the epilogue he ceased to die for a few moments to acknowledge the plaudits of the gallery. However, he partly redeemed his shortcomings by not spoiling the one scene in the opera where the music is as fine as the situation demands—the prison scene, with the infinitely touching "Lontano, lontano, lontano." There, perhaps, Miss Macintyre became a little too pathetic for one's nerves, but on the whole her conception of Margherita was balanced, consistent, full-blooded, and she sang sometimes exquisitely, and never with less than a sense of her part. And again, when all is said, I must own that with the exception of that one scene the opera left me more indifferent than even "Otello." I was interested, certainly, for the composer is an interesting man in all he does, but moved only once and for a few minutes. The old-fashioned style is Boito's as well as Verdi's language; he has never acquired the idiom of modern German music, and in music, as in literature, only idiomatic speech makes artistic effect. I need only add that the band, although it made slips, was very good indeed for the opening nights of the season, and that the mounting was sufficiently gorgeous, especially in the Brocken scene. There will be little or nothing to complain of if Sir Augustus Harris will clear out the Costa-mongery above-mentioned.

J. F. R.

THE TWO LATEST COMEDIES.

- "The Home Secretary." An original modern play by R. C. Carton. Criterion Theatre. 7 May, 1895.
 "The Triumph of the Philistines, and how Mr. Jorgan preserved the morals of Market Pewbury under very trying circumstances." An original comedy in three acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. St. James's Theatre. 11 May, 1895.

I MUST not stop to make an exordium before dealing with Mr. Carton's play, for, to tell the truth, I am forgetting it so rapidly that in another half-hour it may all have escaped me. I must in fairness add that I did not see it very well, because, though there are only two pillars in the Criterion theatre that you cannot see round, and consequently only two stalls from which the stage is not visible, I was placed in one of those two stalls. That is the worst of having a reputation as a critic of acting. They place you behind an obstacle which prevents you from seeing more than one person at a time, calculating that since you will always keep your eye on the actor-manager, your attention will be concentrated on him by the impossibility of your seeing any one else. This time, however, Mr. Wyndham had nothing particular to show me. There was no character for him to create, and consequently nothing for him to do that was more than the merest routine for an actor of his accomplishment. Though supposed to be a Home Secretary, he presented us with exactly the sort of Cabinet Minister who never goes to the Home Office. I fancy he has formed his political style on the Foreign Office, or the Colonial Office, perhaps even on the Duchy of Lancaster, and is under the erroneous impression that the same sort of thing would do for the comparatively popular Home Office. But at all events, Mr. Wyndham knows more about Home Secretaries than Mr. Carton: in fact, he could not possibly know less. Mr. Carton has a secondhand imagination and a staggering indifference to verisimilitude. Inspired by Miss Neilson's appearance in the play of "An Ideal Husband" as the beautiful wife who is too truthful to approve of all the official utterances of the Cabinet Minister whom she has rashly married, he shoots Miss Neilson on to the stage in that relation to Mr. Wyndham, with nothing better to account for her domestic unhappiness than the articles in the Opposition papers. Imagine Mrs. Asquith's domestic peace being shattered by an article in the *St. James's Gazette*!

The rest of the play is of less recent origin; but one need go no further back than "The House in the Marsh," or "Captain Swift," in tracing the descent of Dangerfield the Anarchist. Anything more wantonly nonsensical than the way in which Mr. Carton rearranges the facts of English society and politics so as to represent Dangerfield as being engaged in a deadly duel of the Pompey and Caesar kind with the Home Secretary, would be hard to cite. As to all the stuff about mighty secret brotherhoods, and abysses of revolution opening at the feet of society, I invite Mr. Carton to manufacture his plays in future out of some less mischievous kind of absurdity.

Apart from this serious bearing of the play on life, it is amusing enough to hear Mr. Lewis Waller at a West-end theatre spouting the stalest commonplaces of the Socialist platforms with the full approval of the audience. No fashionable dramatist's library will henceforth be complete without a copy of Mr. Hyndman's "England for All." Mr. Brookfield contributes one of those little imitations of social types of which he is fond. They are amusing; and they fulfil two indispensable conditions: to wit, they impress the public as being all different from one another, thereby creating a high estimate of Mr. Brookfield's skill and versatility; and they are all exactly alike, so that the public has only one taste to acquire for them. Miss Julia Neilson plays very much better than in "An Ideal Husband." In that comedy she made the worst of a good part: in this, she made the best of an indifferent one, though it was hard on her to have to sit down and examine her mind and conscience very slowly just when the audience had finally made up their minds that Mr. Carton had fashioned her perfectly hollow. In fact, the less interesting both the Home Secretary and his wife became, the more slowly Mr. Wyndham and Miss Neilson had to play, in order to make the final scene at least mechanically impressive. The effect was a little trying. The comedy scenes, which are laughable enough, were child's play to Miss Mary Moore, Miss Maud Millet, Mr. de Lange, and Mr. Alfred Bishop; and Mr. Lewis Waller would hardly thank me for compliments on a performance so easily within his powers as the impersonation of Captain Swift Dangerfield. Mr. Sidney Brough's part enabled him to show that rare quality of his of being at the same time a very "useful" actor and a very attractive one. On the whole, "The Home Secretary" is a well acted, well staged, occasionally entertaining, and hopelessly slovenly play.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy with the nineteen-word title, affords material for the social essayist rather than the dramatic critic, being avowedly an object-lesson in British lower middle-class hypocrisy. And the attack is not the usual sham attack of the stage moralist: it is courageous, uncompromising, made with sharp weapons, and left without the slightest attempt to run away at the end. When Mr. Jones appeared before the curtain several persons howled piteously, like dogs who had been purposely run over. Every play which is a criticism of contemporary life, must, if it is an honest play, involve a certain struggle with the public. Accordingly, Mr. Jones was not so unanimously applauded when the curtain fell on poor Mr. Jorgan's very mixed "triumph" as Mr. Pinero was after Mrs. Ebbsmith pulled the Bible out of the fire. But his courage was respected; and there, I think, he had the advantage of Mr. Pinero.

There is a sense in which Mr. Jones's plays are far more faulty than those of most of his competitors, exactly as a row of men is more faulty than a row of lampposts turned out by a first-rate firm. His qualities are creative imagination, curious observation, inventive humour, originality, sympathy, and sincerity; and the risks of trusting to these are, like the rewards, very great. It is safer and cheaper to depend on the taste, judgment, instinct for fashion and knowledge of the stage and the public, by which plays can be constructed out of ready-made materials, and guaranteed to pass an evening safely and smoothly, instead of, like the real live work of Mr. Jones, rousing all sorts of protests and jarring all sorts of prejudices, besides disgusting the professorial critics and amateurs by its impudent informality. And then, Mr. Jones, following in the footsteps of Dickens, plays every sort of extravagant and fanciful trick with his characters, in-

venting insane names for them, making them express themselves in the most impossible way, and sometimes exasperating dull and literal people beyond all bounds. Thus, in "The Triumph of the Philistines," we have such a freak as Thomas Blagg, the butcher's boy, clearly of the family of Trabb's boy, of immortal memory; and with him are a Pumblechookian band of local tradesmen, who are not humanity simple and direct, but humanity made fun of. Still, if the details are outrageous, the general effect is mostly right; for Mr. Jones knows his Market Pewbury well enough to joke with it. On the subject of Art I find him less convincing. His identification of it with the sort of Epicurean philosophy which is always at daggers drawn with Puritanism is roughly true to life—sufficiently so, at all events, for dramatic purposes. But his identification of Puritanism with Philistinism seems to me to be a fundamental confusion. A Philistine is a prosaic person whose artistic consciousness is unawakened and who has no ideals. A Puritan is no doubt often at the same disadvantage as the Philistine in respect of his insensibility to Art; but he is a fanatical idealist, to whom all stimulations of the sense of beauty are abhorrent; because he is only conscious of them in so far as they appeal to his sex instinct, which he regards as his great enemy. However, it is not this point that Mr. Jones has missed; for his Mr. Jorgan, though called a Philistine, corresponds exactly to a Puritan. Even when Sir Valentine Fellowes, a thorough Philistine, is put in opposition to the Philistines and in sympathy with Willie Hesselwood the painter, he remains nevertheless as lifelike a Philistine as Mr. Jorgan is a Puritan; so that one is tempted to ask whether it matters what the twain are called, since the author's method of working upon life instead of upon theories of society and canons of art seems sure to save him from anything worse than a confusion of names. But thought has its empire after all; and when Mr. Jones claims the sympathy of the audience for the Philistine as against the Puritan, the Puritan snatches the sympathy from him; for the idealist, being the higher if more dangerous animal, always does beat the Philistine. A picture of a Bacchante is exhibited on the stage, with its back to the audience, an arrangement which gives it away from the beginning as not fit to be seen. Mr. Jorgan the Puritan, having no artistic sense, denounces the artist as a mere pandar, and the picture as an artifice to make men more sensual. Sir Valentine's defence is in effect "Why not? Life would not be worth living unless people are allowed to sow a few wild oats, as I do occasionally; and if you interfere with my pleasures I'll spend my income on the Continent instead of in your shops." Mr. Jones's instinct for character led him rightly to make Sir Valentine take that line. But what chance is there of the audience taking his side? They must feel, as I feel, that the Puritan's attitude is more respectable than the Philistine's. If Art were really a matter of Bacchante pictures painted by amorous young artists from rapsaciously little models, to be defended only by easygoing men of pleasure and cynical old society ladies who regard men as incurable voluptuaries, then surely we should all say Amen to Mr. Skewett's "Burn it, I say. Burn it; and have done with the iniquity." The fact is, Mr. Jones, revelling in his characters and scenes and dialogues, and keen on the scent of the narrowness and hypocrisy of Market Pewbury, has not got up his case thoroughly; and the result is that the plan of action which he has invented, with its studio machinery and its substitution of a picture for a question of conduct, does not strike one as being quite the right plan; whilst Market Pewbury is left, after all, with the best of the argument.

The acting is hardly as good as the play. Mr. Alexander's comedy is too smart: Sir Valentine is never really distressed or at a loss, as he certainly ought to be at the end of the second act. Mr. Waring, as Jorgan, is admirable in action; but before he gets to work, it is plain that the part does not naturally fit him. Mr. Esmond's Willie Hesselwood is perhaps the most entirely successful of all the impersonations involved, except Miss Juliette Nesville's immense, irresistible Sally Lebrune. Mr. Jones has carried out the idea of this character to a hair's breadth; and the disadvantage at

which the young woman's entire and perfect worthlessness puts all the more respectable characters is of the essence of comedy. Lady Monckton's work is less interesting to the audience than technically important to the play; and only the expert can be expected to appreciate how very well she does it. Miss Elliott Page was quite ladylike and natural as Alma Suleny; but I am afraid the only thanks she got for not overdressing herself and forcing the significance of every sentence was a sense that she was underacting. She certainly added nothing to her part, an omission which would be rather serious in some plays, since nothing plus nothing equals nothing; but it did not matter with Mr. Jones as the author. The half-dozen little sallies of character-acting which filled up the stage with the Puritans of Market Pewbury were, of course, easily and amusingly done; but they were too funny and too intentional to be convincing, and the total effect was only made credible by the acting of Mr. Waring. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE is nothing of importance to record in the Money Market, and rates remain unchanged, in spite of a slight hardening tendency owing to some inquiry for gold for export to New York. The bullion movements at the Bank of England are trifling, and no change has occurred in the Bank rate. Indian Council bills have been allotted at slightly enhanced rates. There has been very little business in bar silver; the tone of the market is dull.

Throughout the Stock Exchange depression has ruled in almost every department, and is chiefly due to trouble in the Mining Markets, which caused a very uneasy feeling. As no encouragement was received from either the Continent or New York, a general and, in some cases, severe fall has taken place.

Consols show a decline of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and Colonial Securities are lower, the chief fall being in Newfoundland $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. Home Rails suffered a sharp relapse. The traffics of the heavy lines exhibit the following decrease: The Midland, £30,845; the Great Western, £26,410; the North-Western, £23,376; the Great Northern, £10,140; the "Leeds," £6463; the North-Eastern, £5625; and the Sheffield, £3773. The Caledonian, however, increased £5238, and the North British £2381. These returns are compared with those of the corresponding week in 1894, which embraced a portion of the Whitsuntide long-distance traffic. The earnings of the Scotch lines are more favourable.

The chief falls have taken place in the passenger stocks of the Southern Railways, Brighton A losing $\frac{1}{2}$, South-Eastern A 2 and Chatham Second Preference $\frac{3}{4}$. This latter was affected by the decision of Mr. Justice Mathews in the action brought by Mr. Nicholson against the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. Mr. Nicholson's contention was that upon several occasions he had been overcharged 3s. 4d. for his first-class fare between London and Calais. The maximum fare at the rate of 3d. per mile on the seventy-nine miles between Victoria and Dover would amount to 19s. 9d., which, with the addition of 8s. for the passage across the Channel, and 2s. 5d. for harbour dues and the conveying of passengers' luggage from the Admiralty Pier on board the steamers, would come to £1 10s. 2d., instead of £1 13s. 6d. at present charged by the Company. The Judge held that all the Company could charge for the single first-class railway journey from Victoria to Calais was the statutory 3d. per mile. If the reduction of 3s. 4d. per head were applied to the 200,000 passengers who, the secretary, in his evidence, stated, were carried between London and Calais, it would mean an annual difference to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company of over £30,000. But it must be remembered that the decision does not affect the return tickets, which are at present issued at a figure much below the maximum, and also that it only refers to first-class single fares. This ruling will therefore not affect the Company so much as at first sight appears, since the number of single tickets

issued is not large. If the decision be sustained, it will also affect the South-Eastern Railway, which is bound by agreement to charge the same fares as the London, Chatham, and Dover.

Foreign Government Securities were weakened by large sales both here and on the Continent, and, with the exception of some South Americans, underwent a general decline. Argentines rose on the announcement that the instalment falling due on the railway guarantees has been duly paid. The American Market has been no exception to the general weakness, which is owing to heavy realizations with the object of securing profits: the expected improvement in trade has, indeed, been far too heavily discounted. The chief falls have taken place in Milwaukeees, Denver Preferred, Unions and Northern Pacific Preference. The United States Loan is at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium. Canadians are also a trifle lower, and Mexican Rails have been decidedly flat.

The Mining Market has been disturbed by the prospect of further failures at the next settlement. Pressure has been put upon holders to realize for fear of difficulty in carrying over for the next long account, which is nineteen days. In addition to this, M. Aubert, the French Consul at Pretoria, has made a foolishly alarming report, condemning all Transvaal gold enterprises, and French holders appear to have taken fright. The effect will be to shake out weak holders; but in the case of such stocks as "Chartered," East Rands, and Van Rhyns, investors will probably absorb them at present prices.

The Manchester Ship Canal is in a bad way; the increase in the receipts is very disappointing. The Company is short of ready money, and all the revenue will be swallowed up by charges for maintenance and dredging. The Corporation of Manchester is being asked to come again to the rescue, but it is doubtful whether the rate-payers will sanction the advance of any more money. The matter will come up for discussion at the June meeting of the Council. The directors ought to "face the music" and take the shareholders into their confidence, as time is pressing. Besides, £1,359,000 First Mortgage 4 per cent debentures become due for repayment on 1 January 1896. It is true that the holders have a right to convert this into $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent stock, but unless the position materially improves they are very likely to insist upon repayment in cash.

M. Ribot has presented his Budget for 1896 to the Chamber of Deputies; it again shows a deficit of over £2,000,000. The Madagascar campaign is not provided for in the Budget; nearly £3,000,000 were added to the already enormous floating debt for that special purpose. Of this credit the amount of £1,500,000 has already been expended, though the campaign has hardly commenced, and should it prove of long duration, £3,000,000 may easily prove insufficient. One of the new taxes is to be imposed upon the employers of servants. It is to be progressive in the sense that the larger the establishment the heavier the tax will be: for instance, 30 fr. is to be paid for a butler, for a butler and coachman 90 fr., and with the addition of a footman 180 fr. Such taxes will be difficult to assess and costly to collect. Duties on horses and carriages are also to be increased on a progressive scale, and the stamp duties on foreign Stock Exchange securities are to share in the rise of taxation. At present these securities enjoy a more favourable position than French Shares or Bonds, which are now charged 42 centimes per cent of their nominal value, whilst foreign securities have only to pay this amount when they are represented by a responsible agent resident in France. It is proposed to raise the duty to 2 fr. per cent. on the nominal value, and to renew this duty every five years in the case of the Bonds or Shares being sold on the Bourse. The change applies to the shares of foreign Companies. For foreign Government Stocks the duty will be only 1 per cent. Algerian taxation is estimated to produce an income of 4,000,000 fr., and a further 1,200,000 fr. is to be provided by augmenting the duty on playing-cards, those used in clubs being taxed higher than those used in ordinary establishments.

NEW ISSUES.

THE BARDOC GOLD MINES, LIMITED, EAST COOLGARDIE, WEST AUSTRALIA.

On taking up this prospectus we were struck by two facts which were difficult to reconcile. The first was that among the directors' names was Richard Cory, Esq., J.P., colliery proprietor, of Cory Brothers & Co., Limited, London and Cardiff, and the discordant fact was a notice flaunted on the prospectus, and taken from the *Coolgardie Miner*, about this Bank of England mine at Bardoc, in which we are told of "lumps of pure gold . . . gold cubes or crystals," and asked to believe that "the last shot put in" blew out magnificent specimens, containing pieces of pure gold ranging from one ounce to one pound in weight. Now the name of Mr. Richard Cory commands respect, and we venture to believe that such statements as the above, even if they were made on better authority than that of the *Coolgardie Herald*, deserve nothing but contempt. Let us look inside the prospectus, and see whether it tends to increase our esteem for Mr. Cory's name and judgment. First of all we are forced to remark that the prospectus is ill drawn; it begins thus: "This Company has been formed to acquire the lease of the mine known as the Bank of England and the adjoining property to the south," and so forth, and nowhere in the prospectus are we told what this lease is, how many years it covers, or what rental it carries. Having some experience in such matters, we assume that the lease is the usual gold-mining lease held direct from the Crown at a nominal rental; but the prospectus does not give us the requisite information. Of course the prospectus contains a list of the West Australian Companies that have paid the largest dividends in 1894, as if the fact that the "Day Dawn Gold Mining Association" paid 65 per cent in 1894 had anything to do with the prospects of the Bardoc Gold Mines. The objectionable "waiver" clause, too, is in full force, and consequently our hopes are slight when we turn to examine what it is that this Company is to acquire for £100,000. The whole prospectus is composed of statements made by "Professor Nicholas, F.G.S., London, Lecturer on Mining to the Melbourne and Ballarat School of Mines," alternating with statements made by a Mr. G. R. Fearby, M.E., "whose experience and reliability" (*sic*), we are told, "are well known in London." Now who is Professor Nicholas, or what right has William Nicholas to the title of Professor, even though he be a lecturer on mining to the Melbourne University? Such *minutiae* are significant. Mr. or Professor Nicholas is not so extravagantly confident as Mr. Fearby. His moderation is rather to be commended than his English, as may be judged from the following statement: "In many places in the reef in the shaft gold was showing right down to the bottom." (This does not read like a Professor's writing.) "From this shaft has been extracted a large quantity of very rich specimens." We venture to add that it would not be difficult to get "a large quantity of very rich specimens" from many a worthless mine. But Mr. Fearby (he should be called Fearless) has taken out some samples and had them assayed, or, rather, milled, and he writes about them in a pleasing, negligent, yet precise way that resembles the manner of the fine old Irish gentleman, who has had a lengthened City experience: "From this part 2 lb. of stone milled 10 dwt. of free gold. . . . No. 2 sample returned 69 oz. 15 dwt. to the ton. . . ." It is well to be exact in matters of detail such as pennyweights when you are confounding your audience with estimates of 69 oz. to the ton. But even Mr. Fearby's confidence is outdone by that of the owners of the mine, who veil themselves in a modest anonymity, but who, according to Mr. Fearby, declare that "there is over £2000 worth of specimens in hand," and that "there has been £500 worth of gold taken out of the mine lately." We should not be surprised to learn that there was no more left in it; for even Professor Nicholas, we imagine, is over-confident. "Water supply," he says airily, "is made a bugbear of on this field. . . . I do not doubt, judging by the number of shafts that have already found water by sinking below 100 feet in depth that water will be discovered by sinking shafts below that depth in this mine also, as is the rule in this district and in all other goldfields in Australia." And yet the *Times*, the other

day, published an article showing that very bad water was selling at 6s. a hundred gallons in Coolgardie, and that the supply was so shockingly deficient that it was proposed to pump water to the fields from Esperance Bay, 250 miles away, and to a height of over 1500 feet. Is it not wonderful that a Company should be brought out like this Bardoc Gold Mines, to acquire for £100,000 an almost wholly improved property in such a district as Coolgardie, and even more wonderful that the promoters can find a man like Richard Cory, Esq., J.P., of Cory Brothers & Co., who will consent to put his name upon such a prospectus as that we have examined?

NORTH CHARTERLAND EXPLORATION CO., LD.

Capital, £1,000,000.

The Company is formed to acquire a grant of Mining and surface Rights over 10,000 square miles of territory north of the Zambesi from the British South Africa Company. The prospectus will be found elsewhere in this issue; but it has reached us too late for careful criticism this week.

NEITHER NEW ISSUES NOR OLD FRIENDS.

THE MOZAMBIQUE REEFS, LIMITED.

Capital £50,000 . . . in 5s. shares.

There can be no question about this Company. "It was formed," we are told, "for the purpose of acquiring in perpetuity from the premier concessions of Mozambique Limited, certain concessions of land, together with all the rights," &c. &c. The land acquired consists of five farms, "in all 25,000 acres, situated on the Revue River, near to the junction of that river with the river Busi. . . . The surface of this large territory is highly favourable for the cultivation of almost all the necessities of civilized life. . . . The climate is healthy and bracing, and fitted for European colonization. There is also plenty of water [we should think so indeed]. . . . The Company has fine town sites included in its purchase." No wonder we find in the advertisement,

"Present price of shares 7s. 6d.,"

and underneath it

"The shares of the Mozambique Company advanced yesterday 5s. 6d.,"

and again, a little lower down,

"Buy Mozambique reefs to-day."

The holders of Mozambique reefs are evidently anxious to "unload" upon the public, but we should very much like to know what the Mozambique Company think of these sub-concessionaires who puff their own goods so loudly. To examine the statements contained in the advertisement are not necessary; they need only to be quoted. But when was the Mozambique Reefs Company, Limited, formed? Who is the promoter? Who are the directors? And what is the Anglo-French Investment Company, Limited? These are questions which we shall endeavour to answer in the future, for we propose not to lose sight of this Mozambique Reefs Company, Limited, and its curiously optimistic statements.

We have seen a sort of circular issued to the shareholders of the "Great De Kaap (Moodie's) Goldfield, Limited." This property was surveyed and reported upon by Mr. Charles J. Alford, whom our readers already know sufficiently well. But this circular repeats Mr. Alford's opinions, and seeks to confirm them with the testimony of one Lewis P. Bowler, and still we refuse to be convinced that the property is worth the paper expended upon puffing it. Has any one ever seen a prospectus of this Company? In our opinion, it ranks with the Mozambique Reefs, and more than that it would be hard to say in the space which we grudge to it.

The African Alluvial Gold Mines, Limited, which we criticized adversely in our issues of 19 and 26 January, has held its statutory general meeting. Enthusiastic reports of ditch-making and dam-building were read by the chairman, Mr. G. F. Tavernor, on the authority of a Mr. Niness, the manager, who, it appears, has just discovered diamondiferous ground. We are glad that Mr. Alford is no longer to the fore here, and consequently content ourselves with expressing the belief that the African Alluvial may pay when the Great de Kaap pays or the Mozambique Reefs, and not before.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON AND CAPE COLONY.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

WORCESTER, CAPE COLONY,

31 March, 1895.

SIR,—I see from cabled messages published by the Capetown papers that the appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson to succeed Sir Henry Loch has at length attracted some attention in the House of Commons. According to one telegram, Mr. Buxton is reported to have said that (I quote the message) "Sir Hercules Robinson never had any business relations, either directly or indirectly, with Mr. Rhodes, and he [Mr. Buxton] denied that any influence had been exercised to induce his appointment. Sir Hercules," continued Mr. Buxton, "had been appointed because he was above suspicion, acceptable to the colonists, and absolutely independent." A previous cable states that Sir Hercules Robinson has admitted in a letter to the *Times* that "he acquired an interest in De Beers upon the recommendation of Mr. Rhodes. He was unaware of the existence of any secret service fund in connection with De Beers, and therefore was never concerned in disbursing such fund." To take Sir Hercules's own statement first: Would it not have been more ingenuous—though possibly not diplomatic—to have said at once that he was the chairman of the De Beers London Board of Directors? The admission of his ignorance of the existence of the secret service fund, which has furnished the text of numberless newspaper articles and interminable correspondence in South Africa, only goes to prove that, like the rest of Mr. Rhodes's puppets, both on boards of direction and in the Cape Cabinet, he is simply a mechanical figure. And this is exactly the reason why his appointment as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner is, in the opinion of many colonists of long standing and great experience, the most unsuitable the Imperial Government could have made. Mr. Buxton says that Sir Hercules Robinson has never had any business relations, direct or indirect, with Mr. Rhodes; yet until a few weeks ago he was the principal officer of one of Mr. Rhodes's companies in London, and a large shareholder in another, the Chartered Company, to wit. In the Colony we have been accustomed to consider Sir Hercules Robinson as a partner with Mr. Rhodes in both these speculations, and although he has resigned his directorship and may have disposed of his shares, many of us will, rightly or wrongly, regard him as a sleeping partner still. If Sir Hercules's late position in connection with De Beers did not constitute a direct business relationship with Mr. Rhodes, perhaps the Under Secretary for the Colonies will be merciful enough to spare our poor benighted Colonial brains much hopeless puzzling by explaining what, according to him, it did constitute. Mr. Buxton goes on to say that the appointment was made "because Sir Hercules was above suspicion, acceptable to the Colonists, and absolutely independent." So far as the Colony is concerned, I refuse to accept any of these assertions. Sir Hercules is more than suspected of a tendency to succumb to the influence of Mr. Rhodes; and this being the case, it is difficult to see how he can be "absolutely independent." As for his being "acceptable to the Colonists," I can only say it is to be regretted that Mr. Buxton should display such lamentable and discreditable ignorance of the state of public feeling in Cape Colony. Amongst other institutions which have bent under the influence of Mr. Rhodes must be included some of the South African newspapers, most of which, since their con- or per-version, appear to exist solely for the purpose of singing his praises. But Mr. Rhodes, though he can muzzle a large section of the South African press, cannot carry every newspaper editor in his pocket, capacious though it be; nor can he and his journalistic hangers-on entirely stifle public opinion. The strongest dissatisfaction with the appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson has already been expressed by well-known men at public meetings in Capetown and other important centres; and the papers—those, at least,

whose editors have some independence left—have been full of letters embodying similar views. The members of the Ministry, of course, do as their shepherd orders them, like the meek-spirited sheep they are. They know that any attempt at showing a mind of their own means being kicked out of the fold immediately; and as they are none of them millionaires, there is perhaps not much reason to blame them for making a virtue of their necessity. The feeling of the Bund—the party by whose grace Mr. Rhodes holds office—on the appointment of Sir Hercules is divided. It was with the greatest difficulty that a milk-and-water resolution, welcoming—somewhat early—the coming Governor, was passed at the recent Bund Congress at Port Elizabeth. And it is a well-known fact that some of the most prominent members of the Bund are dead against the appointment. As regards the Opposition, they are against it to a man. The Prime Minister's newspaper organs have sought to show that the outcry which the Robinson appointment has raised is in reality only a clumsily veiled attack on Mr. Rhodes. But this is not the case. Mr. Rhodes, with his curious system of one-man government, looms so preposterously large that any attempt to attack him vicariously would be ridiculous on the face of it. More than this, Opposition stump utterances notwithstanding, there is no desire to see Mr. Rhodes ousted from the premiership. It is recognized that he has made mistakes; his horizon extends too far for the average colonial vision, and it continues extending itself. He has become so habituated to looking through his northern telescope that there is danger of his forgetting the useful functions of the microscope altogether. With Sir Hercules as Governor, there is a prospect of that telescope becoming binocular. It is universally admitted that Mr. Rhodes is a giant; that there is no one capable of stepping into the place he has made for himself. But big ships need pilots occasionally even more than small ones. And if Sir Hercules Robinson and Mr. Rhodes are to be pilot and captain of the colonial packet, one of them may as well leave his sea-boots and speaking-trumpet at home.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., C. G. H.

THE GERMAN SUCCESSOR TO WAGNER.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 15 May, 1895.

SIR,—You may not be aware of the fact, but the Germans, for some years now, have been on the lookout for a new musical genius to take the place left vacant by the death of Richard Wagner. They have tried the charming comic operas of Smetana, the great Czech master, and the "Hansel and Gretel" of Humperdinck, with its peculiar mannerisms; but neither of these composers can be said to take Wagner's place. Now, however, a new work, "Der Evangelmann," has just had an astonishing success in the Opera House at Berlin, and the author, Dr. Kienzl, was recalled ten times in succession. Dr. Wilhelm Kienzl is the leader of the orchestra of the Opera House at Hamburg. He has already produced two musical dramas, one on an Indian theme, called "Urvasi," and a later Scandinavian one, called "Heilmarr." These two first dramas discovered a talent for commonplace situation and melody that certainly gave no promise of a brilliant future. Nor is the "Evangelmann" the masterpiece that the good Berliners imagine it to be. It is a sort of mish-mash of the romantic dramas of 1830-40, full of melodious songs and prayers and love duos, together with the local colouring that Freytag and Wagner popularized—all embroidered upon a religious theme. Of course, there are intermezzi in it; since the "Cavalleria Rusticana" there must be an intermezzo in every opera; and equally, of course, it ends with a touching biblical scene of pardon and reconciliation. It is made up to suit the day and hour and the taste thereof in Germany, as carefully and cleverly as Mr. Pinero made up his second Mrs. Tanqueray to suit the London public. There is no trace of genius in Dr. Kienzl, but he is clever and a trained musician, and his commonplace themes and melodies, aided by his perseverance, have at length brought him fame which will, no doubt, last well into 1896.—Yours sincerely,

AN UNEMPLOYED CRITIC.

REVIEWS.

COLERIDGE'S LETTERS.

"Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In two vols. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

WITH Mr. J. Dykes Campbell's exact chronicle of the events of Coleridge's life, and the present volumes as a record of thought and emotions—an undesigned autobiography—we are well provided with information about the outward and the inner story of a great intellect, a vivifying imagination, and a feeble character. Sir Henry Taylor noted as a deficiency of Spedding's "Bacon" that the writer's just and penetrating moral judgment affected dumbness, and almost refused to have any communication with the readers. For this Spedding had his own reasons, and doubtless Mr. Campbell also had his own reasons for his absolute abstention from criticism of the facts which he set down with entire fidelity. But Coleridge's life was pre-eminently the life of a soul, and the mere statement of external incidents in such a case can amount to little more than the framework of a complete biography. Mr. Ernest Coleridge's large selection from the letters of his grandfather supplies what Mr. Campbell designedly left lacking, and the reader inevitably judges as he reads. The selection wisely includes what is most important among letters of Coleridge already published, together with what is most important from letters hitherto unpublished. We have only one fault to find: a catalogue in chronological order of letters which are not given here, but which are accessible in volumes previously issued, or which lie unprinted in public libraries, might have been added. Such a catalogue is desirable in the case of every writer of the first rank; an appendix in small type would not trouble the general reader, and it would be of the utmost service to the real student. Those who have worked at Goethe's life know how great a debt they owe to Strehlke for his "Verzeichniss." Mr. Ernest Coleridge need not fear that incompleteness would render such a contribution to study unhelpful or unwelcome.

When a writer in his elder years attempts his own biography, it must needs be *Dichtung* as well as *Wahrheit*; he has forgotten circumstances, he has forgotten dates, he establishes ideal connections between incidents when the material links have passed out of sight; he is writing the life of the ancestor of his present self; on the basis of a history he composes a work of art. A sequence of letters is autobiography written from day to day; it is a series of despatches sent from the field of battle; the unity of the campaign cannot be invented, but will gradually disclose itself. Even if the truth be concealed, or there be a play of self-deception, this, too, is an element of autobiography deserving of note. The chief caution which the reader must observe, is that of considering the influence of this or that correspondent in determining what may be told, and in determining the writer's mental attitude. Allowance in each case must be made for the parallax; if the correspondent be a woman, the angle of parallax may amount to more than a degree and a half, which we will suppose to be the correction necessary for letters addressed to a correspondent of the writer's own sex.

Coleridge's letters do not take a high place in epistolary literature. He does not gossip of things great or small with the graceful frivolity of Horace Walpole; he does not poise his thought and play with it like Gray; he has not the delicate vivacity of Cowper at his best, which finds exquisite incidents in the dullness of a sleepy neighbourhood; he has not the passion and the power of Swift, nor the fantastic mirth of Lamb, nor the masculine good sense and large generosity of Scott, nor the faithful communicativeness and the self-respecting reserve of Southey. The plain facts of life are lost for Coleridge in dreams or an overflow of lax emotion, in which, a moral morass—to use a strong word—he sometimes flounders or wallows in an ungainly fashion, and with a complete lack of manly dignity; but dreams and squandered emotions are among the essential facts of Coleridge's life. He loves to be mirthful, but his mirth is seldom graceful; he pours forth his warm affection,

but we cannot be sure that his affection will ever crystallize itself into a self-denying deed; he is humble, remorseful, penitent, yet even in his remorse there is a kind of luxurious indulgence of a mood; his formation of a design seems to relieve him from the necessity of executing it; his resolutions are dishonoured cheques drawn upon a bankrupt will.

Yet the treasures of God hid in an earthen vessel, and even an earthen vessel flawed and leaky, are so great that tenderness to the ill-shaped and broken pipkin is natural and is right. We do not love least those who put our love to the hardest trial; and as soon as Coleridge alienates us, we begin to feel ourselves drawn back to him once more. We cannot do without him, and must even accept and cherish him with all his weaknesses. In his dream of existence he loved love; he loved the light and drew towards it through a mist; he saw, and made us see, in the wreathings of the mist visions of beauty. Our Prospero's actors are all spirits; the pageant is insubstantial, but it has been "harmonious charmingly," and when he implores, "Bear with my weakness—be not disturbed with my infirmity," we must reply in the words of Ferdinand and Miranda, "We wish your peace." Even if our feebler magician did not command his spirits but was commanded by them, still they came to no one as they came to him, and still we wish his peace.

This, and not the spirit of reproof, is the spirit in which these volumes should be read. They do not infuse health into our veins and animate us with a noble pride, like the diary and the letters of Scott, but they enrich and educate our sympathies. The heroic moralities are perhaps less often needed in life than the humbler morals of gentleness. Yet to have been Coleridge's brother, friend, wife, must have been a trial of virtue. He quarrelled with Lloyd, he quarrelled with Southey, he quarrelled for a time with Wordsworth, he alienated Wedgwood, he drew back at one season from Lamb, he found his wife and his home unbearable; and until the fit of self-reproach came, it was always he who was in the right, in his own eyes, and they were the criminal or offending mortals. The strange, incredible notion once occurred to Southey that Coleridge was indolent. Indolent! he who did all the hard thinking, while Southey only toyed and trifled with the pen. "The truth is," says the industrious Coleridge, "you sat down and wrote; I used to saunter about and think what I should write. And we ought to appreciate our comparative industry by the quantum of mental exertion, not the particular mode of it, by the number of thoughts collected, not by the number of lines through which these thoughts are diffused." An amazing delusion of Southey indeed, that he himself was the working partner in the firm! To saunter about and think what one should write is surely the most arduous and most practical form of toil! Among many hitherto unpublished letters of interest, not the least interesting is one of fatherly counsel addressed to his son Hartley, then ten years of age. He warns the boy against his power of "shoving aside all disagreeable reflections or losing them in a labyrinth of day-dreams"; he exhorts his son to do what he has to do at once, and put it out of hand; "no procrastination, no self-delusion"; nor was he to stand between the half-opened door, while speaking or being spoken to. "Come in, or go out," is the father's direction. Little Hartley's attitude was inherited; it is an emblem of his parent's infirmity of mind; he stood too often at the door of thought, at the door of imagination, hesitating, meditating, vaticinating, and knew not how either to go out or to come in.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Ernest Coleridge for the careful and judicious editing of a body of documents essential for the study of the literature of this century. They not only amply set forth the strength and the weakness of Coleridge, but throw many valuable sidelights upon the life and work of his contemporaries—especially upon the life and works of Wordsworth and Southey. Mr. Ernest Coleridge, we may observe, rightly identifies the "noticeable Man with large gray eyes" of Wordsworth's "Stanzas written in a copy of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence'" with Coleridge; but he supposes that something of William Calvert (the brother of Wordsworth's benefactor, Raisley Calvert) is blended with the portrait of Coleridge; the Man who

"came back to us a withered flower" of the earlier stanzas he supposes to be a blending of Wordsworth with something derived from Coleridge. It is true that composite portraits are not unusual in Wordsworth's poetry, but an admirable article by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson in the *Fortnightly Review* of last year, seemed to establish the fact that the description of the "withered flower," strange as it may seem, minutely corresponds with the veritable Wordsworth of the early Grasmere days; and here, at least, we need seek for no second original.

A critic, in concluding, is bound to detect an error, so we shall ask Mr. Coleridge in a second edition to emend the quotation from Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" on p. 694: "Thou kenn'st not, Percy, how the rhyme should *cage*," can hardly be an error of Coleridge's manuscript; at any rate the correct word is "rage"; we take for granted that in the same quotation the errors of "bedewed" for "distained," and "queen'd Bellona" for "queint Bellona" are not to be laid to the editor's charge.

MR. ZANGWILL'S "MASTER."

"The Master." By I. Zangwill. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

MR. ZANGWILL has made a big book of what might have been a great one, and we will confess we are disappointed and exasperated by it. There is a certain strength about Mr. Zangwill, coupled with a certain perverse badness that perplexes and irritates the reviewer exceedingly. Mr. Zangwill inserts pages—or at least paragraphs—that Dickens might have written, between masses of tawdry notebook copy that Mr. Sala's understudy—if Mr. Sala has an understudy—would blush to have compiled, even in a hurry. Why does he do it? There are whole pages of the merest drivel in this last book, stuff such as a tired man might write in the early morning under a vow to get so much finished—at any cost; and hang the quality! Here, for instance, is a fair sample of the kind of thing we mean—"Mr." Strang's interlocutor, we must explain, is understood to be a wit.

"No, thanks, I'll sit on the couch. It's cooler there. And I won't have any cold tea in this frightfully hot weather. I'm still faithful to soda-and-whisky, if you've got any."

'Lots,' said Mr. Strang. 'A cigar?'

'Not before dinner, thanks. I don't mind a cigarette. But I'm not interrupting your work?'

'Don't be ridiculous, old fellow. The idea of my turning you away!'

'Well, considering you nearly did it! But you're a celebrity now. Your time's valuable.'

'Oh, but I've struck work for to-day.'

'What, with all this light left? This is indeed a change from the tenpenny days.'

'Yes, I suppose one gets tired,' the painter sighed. 'Do you like Turkish or Egyptian?'

'In cigarettes Turkish, in women Egyptian,' he answered laconically."

Evidently Mr. Zangwill has still to learn the rudiments of his art. Here is nearly half a page of print, and the two characters continue to beat about the bush for another page or so, saying commonplace things that any one could imagine, and failing altogether to bring out the purport of their meeting, which is evidently intended to summarize the changes wrought upon them in the course of two years. Mr. Zangwill gives it up at last, sends the visitor away, and writes in his proper character of author what the dialogue should have expressed. The plain fact is he has not learnt how to manage dialogue. He is like a poor conversationalist, and falls to on the cigarettes, the whisky, and the weather. Half the conversation in the book is such, mere stopgap chatter. But he does worse things than that. For instance, one finds page after page of art-studio shop, the ordinary things the intelligent beginner hears, repeats, and has done with in the first year of his work, put into the mouths of distinguished artists and labelled "A Symposium." They gabble about ideals and the imagination in art, and the prospects of black and white work, and the Academy and so forth like

suckling professional geniuses rather than capable men. Mr. Zangwill has evidently "got up" studio talk industriously—one can imagine him, notebook in hand. He has spared himself no pains in that department of his book, making at any rate, and hespires his reader as little. Even that ancient jest about the convenient size for hanging, that is always so acceptable at the Academy, finds its half page here. Then he takes his hero to the National Gallery and writes a compact guide to the Art of all periods, before he lets him or the reader out again. Still more terrible is Mr. Zangwill on the Beautiful (pp. 274-281) *à propos* of the Louvre and Venice. And Mr. Zangwill's research after humour has been just as industrious as his pursuit of art. Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful argument *ad hominem* about the feelings of a salmon hooked in the middle of its breakfast turns up duly. But Mr. Zangwill puts this in the mouth of a girl, which seems an addition to the injury offered a fellow humourist. It is good here, but it was infinitely better in its original form under the "Sign of the Ship." But enough of these sorrowful details!

Imagine a good story that might have been effectively told in a hundred and fifty pages enjellied in a huge mass of this unmeaning or collected matter, and you will have a very good idea of the structural effect of Mr. Zangwill's book. It is, in fact, a story afflicted with elephantiasis—cumbered with the excrescences a weakly constitution begets. Or, to take another image, the story is like that remarkable and eccentric insect, the "Reduvius" bug, which covers itself up in a huge mass of dust particles, wisps of cobweb and corner sweepings, until at last it becomes a mere slowly crawling lump of rubbish. The object of the "Reduvius" bug is protection; but we have no doubt that Mr. Zangwill's collections will as effectively protect him from all but the most voracious readers.

The pity of it is that this present novel, stripped of its morbid accretions, is a good one. It is the story of an artist, of his boyhood in Canada among unsympathetic people, of his coming to London, of his almost hopeless struggles to obtain instruction and a footing as an artist, and of his final success—ideals being thrown to the wind—as a painter of sentimental pictures. If the reader will only have the patience to excavate this buried character from this journalism-smothered Pompeii of a book, he will be surprised at its consistency and reality. A well-imagined foil is this man's cousin Herbert, the Artist in Living. Rosina, the vulgar wife whom the rising proletarian married before he rose, is less satisfactory. She is always boiling cabbage under your nose, so to speak—her vulgarity is vulgarly done. But the Mrs. Wyndwood, who tries to console the hero, is a charming creation—if she *does* go about with a kind of Meredithian ghost of a friend. These five people are the chief characters, and it takes Mr. Zangwill 460 closely printed pages to get through the very simple interplay. Barring the fact that he met nothing but lay figures during his excursions into the world of Art, the incidental characters are all good, the taxidermist, "Ole Hey," Abner Preep, Coble, all move amusingly in the interstices of the padding. These four characters, indeed, it would be difficult to overpraise. Only it is hard work discovering these chinks and crannies, these occasional rich veins of story. A guide to the book, like a correspondence crammer's notes to his students, might avail perhaps; "read p. 72," for instance, "omit pp. 273-280." Failing such aid the book remains, in our opinion, unreadable. Its veins of rich ore only make its unworkableness a matter for regret.

The present reviewer would repeat that he is—though it may not be apparent so far—an admirer of Mr. Zangwill—or rather of Mr. Zangwill's possibilities. In his "Ghetto Tragedies," in his story of "Flutter-duck," he has displayed qualities that may yet place him in the front rank of living novelists. There was real humour, too, in his conception of the "King of the Schnorrers." But he has a lax facility, a feminine fecundity, that threaten to destroy him. There seems, indeed, a kind of dualism about him; there is the talented Zangwill, who conceived the personality of the Master, and the industrious Zangwill, who incontinently went to work with the vulgarest energy, notebook in hand, sharp superficial eye glancing about him, intent upon the commercial

value of studio claptrap and wordy expansion, who has ruined this book as a work of art, and whom (frankly) we detest. This latter "Zangwill" says reassuringly to its other half, "You are a very clever fellow, you will do your dozen novels, you will criticize, you will write plays, you will shine in the world, and do a lot of things. What if your dialogue is sloppy, what if your story is flung together: it is good enough for your master, the public." This element was sufficiently in evidence in the "Children of the Ghetto," and it is far more apparent in this book. It may possibly overcome the better part of Mr. Zangwill altogether. We would warn him while there is yet time. We believe there must be an artistic conscience still left in him. He writes too fast, he writes too much. If he would escape the fate of a successful mediocrity, he must alter his way. His previous works have been applauded for their promise more than for their performance, but he cannot continue to live on promises. He was a good prentice hand, but we still await his diploma work.

Our advice will possibly offend him, but it is our duty to give it, and we will. Let him publish no more for a year or two; let him study the art of dialogue—it is a mistake to take Meredith as a model for that, as he does on page 392—let him consider his own commentary in the light of a leisurely revision of Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith; and above all, let him think over Kipling's perfected terseness. And he should spend lazy meditative days—chiefly alone. (He might even abstain from writing for a twelvemonth in order to lose his present excessive familiarity with the pen.) After such a retreat Mr. Zangwill might even come back to interest his generation. In all probability such a retirement is impossible, and in ten years' time we shall doubtless be giving Mr. Zangwill's thirty-second amateurish novel a quarter of a column of review under the heading of "Fiction," along with the punctual Besants and Norrises of the year.

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR.

"Thirty Years of Shikar." By Sir Edward Braddon, K.C.M.G. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1895.

THE recollection of a thing, says Landor in one of his Imaginary Conversations, is frequently more pleasing than the actuality; what is harsh is dropped in the space between. This is not Sir Edward Braddon's opinion with regard to the incidents of his long and brilliant Indian sporting career. "Sufficient and very keen," he observes, "was the joy of pursuing the quarry, but deadly uninteresting that pursuit as the subject of subsequent conversation." Nevertheless, he explains that he has been encouraged to believe that his experiences might meet with an indulgent reception when they appeared in print; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, that reception will be much more favourable than in his excessive modesty this Shikari of thirty seasons has anticipated. The subject of Sir Edward Braddon's book is Indian Shikar, but quite undesignedly his plain and workmanlike narrative often serves to throw light on the relations of Englishmen, as their rulers, to the millions of India.

Young Braddon went out to India, to a post in the mercantile house of a relative in Calcutta, in the days of the Company, so long ago, though he does not give the date, that a fair maiden in society there, who claimed to be the original Becky Sharp, was still young, and the Haileybury civilians filled the college of Fort William. The blood of generations of sportsmen was in the young merchant's veins, and he soon kicked loose from the trammels of a sedentary office life. His introduction to Indian sport was a fortnight's holiday spent among the jovial and hospitable indigo-planters of the Kishnaghur borderland. There he first tasted the joys of pig-sticking, to be renewed some months later when he joined in the great Torrens hunt, in which ninety-nine boars fell to English spears. From Calcutta, too, he made his way to the snipe-jheels of the Hooghly, and it was at Kishnaghur that he set out to break the record of fifty brace bagged in a day on a famous snipe-jheel. This he did with a bag of fifty-one and a half brace, getting forty-nine brace the next day. For three years young Braddon, who had charge of zemindarees and indigo

factories in Kishnaghur and the neighbouring districts, lived in the saddle, and made the most of his opportunities, having, as he admits, a passionate love of field sports and a decidedly platonic regard for business. But the chances of big game, other than boars, were small. The single panther he encountered, charging unexpectedly out of a bush three yards off, knocked him over, fortunately without clawing him, though his attendant was severely mauled. Nor was this the only casualty, for one of his beaters was killed by a boar.

In Braddon's Kishnaghur days the severely criticized indigo planters were in the heyday of their prosperity and power, and he speaks some strong words in their favour as just and kindly if despotic magnates. His opinion, whether of the Hindoo or Mohammedan people of India, is not very favourable, but is founded certainly on ample experience. "Rightly or wrongly," he says, "I have come to regard the average native of the classes above named as a potential murderer, wanting only occasion to become a murderer in fact." And again: "Parricide, matricide, fratricide, infanticide, and every other branch of homicide, are incidents of everyday Indian life, for which no native blushes and only a few pay the legal penalty." Having judged, and indeed with his own hands arrested, native murderers, whose escape the native police were doing their best to facilitate, Sir Edward Braddon may claim to understand what he writes about. We commend his experiences to the consideration of those English Radicals who are under the impression that India is ripe for self-government.

The Santhal rebellion gave the young administrator an opening to show the manfulness and vigour that was in him. He and St. George, a reckless Irishman, finding the authorities impossible to move and the rebellion gaining ground, went out—seven Europeans with one hundred and fifty natives—to quell the rebels. The natives, however, fled at the first sound of the Santhal drums, and left the seven Europeans to attack a force which proved to be two thousand strong. This they promptly did. Four charged the Santhals in front, while two tried a flank attack; but a lively ten minutes, in which three of the seven were wounded, compelled them to retreat, and Sir Edward Braddon wonders, not unnaturally, why they were allowed to retreat unpursued. Sir Edward Braddon in those days must have been a tough customer, as is shown by the issue of his fight with the clubmen, when, to use his quiet phrase, he rode at them and gave them the advantage of the handle end of his heavy hunting crop. Before the Santhal rebellion ended, Braddon was down with jungle fever, and indeed during two years thrice was at death's door with this disease, one of the slight drawbacks of sport in India. His illness, however, led to his meeting Sir George Yule, the great sportsman and administrator, for whom his admiration is unbounded, and whose noble character, as well as his achievements, seem well to have deserved it.

In 1857 came the Indian Mutiny, and this, says Sir Edward, was the final cause of his introduction to wholesale big-game shooting. Braddon accompanied Yule's expedition against the mutineers, and the military operations were diversified and enlivened by pig-sticking on a large scale. The charge of the mutinous cavalry regiment, the extremely bad shooting of the fifty Fusiliers who received the charge, and firing into a massed regiment at one hundred yards made only 2 per cent of hits, the inefficiency of the loyal troops, the cowardice of the rebels, are described with a natural humour which frequently sparkles in the pages of this fascinating book.

Sir Edward Braddon shows himself perfectly able to appreciate good qualities in the natives when he finds them. Severe on the lying and cowardly and cruel Bengali, he highly praises the simplicity, truthfulness, purity, and honesty of the Santhals, among whom he lived for years as a magistrate. Braddon made such way with these interesting aborigines that he raised a Santhal regiment as an addition to the native army, and the medical treatment of the force, culminating in vaccination by this untried Æsculapius, is humorously described.

Deoghur, where Braddon was stationed, suited him excellently. There was plenty of dacoitee (so he spells it), highway robbery, and gang robbery to put down;

and Braddon, aiming at the real heads of the evils, soon had half a dozen rajahs in jail. Strict justice, enforced by a strong hand, restored order, and Braddon had time to turn his attention to the much more attractive pursuit of dangerous game, in which his district abounded. "I slaved in the Deoghur cutcherry and in camp when I went on tour as magistrate, collector, judge, &c., eight, ten, and twelve hours a day, and every day, with one reservation that whenever news was brought of a tiger, panther, or bear anywhere within twenty miles, my court was to be closed *instantly*. That rule was appreciated by the people I had to deal with: many of them had a liking for sport, and would turn out in hundreds to beat the jungle for me without fee or reward."

During the reign of his predecessor, who did not shoot, tigers and panthers had increased to a very serious extent; and so the magistrate, in gratifying his passion for the pursuit of dangerous game, was at the same time acting as the protector of his people from a dreaded scourge. The Deoghur tigers, young as well as old, were men-eaters. They killed the wretched wood-cutters or the old women who picked up sticks in the jungle; they carried off the wayfarer from the highroad; they broke into the grass-hut of the sleeping peasant and carried off the husband from his wife's side; and the panthers emulated the tigers in these evil doings. One tiger was accredited with one hundred victims. Moreover, the long immunity which the tigers had enjoyed, was supported by the assurance of the priests of Byjinauth that the depredators were under the protection of the god, who would not suffer them to be slain. The Englishman, undeterred by prophecies of failure, tried a *machan* or bedstead fastened in a tree sixteen feet from the ground into which he climbed from his elephant. A buffalo had been fastened below as a bait. There he went to sleep; but, just before dawn, was awakened by his Shikari, who shared his watch, and a sweeter sound than Patti's notes (he says) reached him, the roar of a tiger as he began to stalk the buffalo. To be brief the tiger was killed, and before a twelvemonth the Byjinauth jungle was cleared of its men-eating inhabitants. The man-eating panthers seem to have given poor sport as they sought safety in flight, but the panther-spearing seems to be almost a rival to pig-sticking. Sir Edward Braddon regrets that he should have had to shoot so many tigers from a perch in a tree, which he regards as rather unsportsmanlike, though the tiger-haunted villagers were of a different opinion; but he had all the success he could wish in his tiger-drives, in one of which he bagged a magnificent brace, right and left, and though he afterwards shot three in one day, and on one occasion four from an elephant, it was not without assistance from other sportsmen. The killing of the celebrated Jamtarra man-eater is a sensational incident. As he journeyed past the country dominated by this ferocious brute, the camp, about grey dawn, was suddenly roused by a wounded native who rushed in, just escaped out of the grasp of the tiger. He had fled and left his master, whose corpse Braddon found lying under the paw of the tiger a quarter of an hour afterwards, when prompt vengeance was meted out by the Englishman's smoothbore.

Sir Edward Braddon has, as befits a great Shikari, his own opinion about questions of Shikar, such as the danger of the use of the elephant in tiger-shooting and the superiority of the smoothbore to the rifle in the same sport. In the Terai, from necessity, he did much tiger-shooting from the howdah or the pad of elephants, and he has the worst opinion of the intelligence as well as the courage of the huge animal. "My life and limbs," he says, "have been jeopardized over and over again when I shot from elephants, and never appreciably so when I shot on foot; and I believe that a man who has confidence in himself, care for the loading of his guns, and knowledge of what he is about, is safer when, confronting a tiger in the open, he has only himself to depend upon, than when he is largely dependent upon a beast in which it is unwise to repose any confidence whatever." The elephant, he tells us, is revengeful, treacherous, and, with few exceptions, an arrant coward. He gives ample proof of the grounds on which he has formed this opinion. The wonderful elephants drawn by Mr. Rudyard Kipling brought beside Sir Edward Braddon's plain facts suggest the possibility that Mr. Kipling's extraordinarily detailed studies of animals,

and if of animals, possibly of human beings also, owe more to his vivid fancy than to the accuracy of his observation. As to the inferiority of the rifle Sir Edward considers it certain that the chance of a bullet slipping is the one objection that has to be set against the many advantages of a smoothbore for tiger-shooting at close quarters.

To the lover of sport (and what Englishman is quite free from that passion, latent or developed?) Sir Edward Braddon's book will be extremely attractive, while to the student of human nature it will appeal with considerable force. What a roomful of fine fellows he introduces us to, foremost among whom is his faithful native henchman, the Shikari Khooda Buksh. Thackwell himself, Khooda Buksh's former master, told Braddon a true story of that brave Shikari's heroism. A tigress charged, Thackwell's cartridge misfired, and the brute knocked him down. Then Khooda Buksh, without a thought for his own safety, attacked the tigress with a stick and beat her off. Thackwell was badly wounded and died not long after from his hurts. Khooda Buksh so loved Thackwell that for a year or two after he entered Braddon's service he still spoke of Thackwell as his Sahib, and Braddon as a mere chance employer, not the master of his affections, though that came in time. This gem of nature's making was truthful, honest, cool and courageous, and untiring as a sportsman, and possessed humour very rarely found in a native. His healthy self-respect, as well as his quiet but unsparing criticism of mistakes, is another unexpected excellence. Being spoken to once by his master in a heated moment in terms he resented, he quietly but resolutely resigned his situation; and one thinks all the better of the master as well as the man that he tells that had not Khooda Buksh desired a reconciliation, "I should have made the first advance; as it was I jumped at the opportunity, apologized for my misconduct, and never offended again."

JUDAISTIC CHRISTIANITY.

"Judaistic Christianity." A Course of Lectures by F. J. A. Hort, D.D. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THOSE people, and they are a not inconsiderable number, who take an interest in the ecclesiastical history of their own times, have lately had their attention directed very particularly to the part which members of the University of Oxford took, some half-century since, in shaping the course of the Church in England. The publication of the history of the Oxford Movement by the late Dean of St. Paul's; Dr. Church's own "Life and Letters"; the instalments of the "Life of Dr. Pusey": these have stirred recollection, and induced many to reflect once again upon the names of Keble and of Newman. The Oxford Movement! The name has, or seems to have, such a natural fitness: one expects theology, ecclesiastical interests, clericalism, if you will, to be the note of Oxford; it is in the air of the place, echoing on among the last enchantments of the Middle Age. Even in the old city, awkwardly garbed under fashions of the newest mode, made grotesque by red-brick suburbs and the electric light, you detect it still, that air of grave concern, of austere meditation upon the profoundest things of the spirit, which is so large a part of her fascination and seductiveness. With the sister University it is hardly the same: no one probably associates, as if by instinct, Cambridge with theology, nor feels that, whatever concessions she makes to the age, her deepest concern is not with the things which the age demands. To the pleasant city on the Isis with her dreaming spires, the words of one of her sons, who had been dowered with a double portion of her spirit, apply with a vivid reality; like the brooding East, she hears the legions of triumphant materialism thunder past, and plunges in thought again. And yet how unjust and untrue such a train of ideas, such instinctive feeling is! For Cambridge can point to schools of thought and teaching—"movements" no doubt do not lend themselves naturally to her temper—to great divines, certainly equally influential with, perhaps only less brilliant than, those of Oxford. Not to dwell on ancient history, the Cambridge Platonists, the school of Law, Simeon and the

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Wesleys, and the Evangelical Revival, which were so interesting and so fruitful, where does one look for the most vigorous, the most inspiring theology to-day? Surely to Cambridge theologians, to men who are the spiritual heirs of Maurice, the one great English teacher of our epoch. All that is best in Oxford itself, the sort of theological attitude which is represented by the writers of "Lux Mundi," is derived from the same sources, and has saved the Tractarian movement from being merely an attempt to galvanize a corpse into the semblance of life, and has put the living spirit into the shaken bones.

That Cambridge is now the real school of prophets is hardly recognized, and the reason is perhaps to be sought in the mystery of the power of style. Speaking broadly, to Cambridge theologians this most rare and delicate gift has not been given; whilst to Oxford theologians (Pusey certainly is a melancholy exception) it has been given. We read what Newman has to say, because it is great, almost faultless literature; we read Maurice, because he has something to say which we could not afford to miss, but are almost repelled by the way in which he says it. It is the same with so many of his successors; they have the passion and the seriousness which are like a consecration; but the seriousness, the sobriety, the plainness almost stifles and chokes the passion and prevents its play. So it is with these lectures of Dr. Hort on "Judaistic Christianity." He has produced a careful, solid, scholarly piece of work, giving a sketch of the events of the New Testament from a special point of view luminously enough, but with a very dry light, from which all the colour and movement and fascination are gone. The matured opinion of so great a scholar as the late Hulsean Professor is certainly very well worth having; and it is interesting to find in this volume one more testimony, from a master of his craft, to the substantial accuracy of the traditional view with regard to the genuineness and historical character of the New Testament writings. The treatment of some controversial questions it is impossible to criticize, inasmuch as only the results of Dr. Hort's labours are given here; his reasons and justification for the results will be published in another volume. These lectures appear to have been delivered in 1888, and consequently had not the advantage of incorporating the fresh knowledge which Professor Ramsay's book on "The Church in the Roman Empire" has brought to light. The excellences of Dr. Hort's work are so many, its honesty, its care, its thoroughness, so conspicuous, its point of view so sound, that it seems exacting and fastidious to wish that the style were equally worthy. But just at that point it is lacking.

THE VOYAGES OF THE CABOTS.

"The Voyages of the Cabots in 1497 and 1498." By Samuel E. Dawson. Ottawa. 1895.

INFORMATION from English sources concerning the two voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot to North America is so singularly scanty, that Dr. Dawson has done well to display the light thrown on their explorations by a thorough personal knowledge of the localities in which their lot was cast. None of the English, French, or German authors who have dealt with the Cabots had that accurate acquaintance with the lands just outside of the Gulf of St. Lawrence which it is easy for a Canadian to acquire. It was natural, therefore, that most of them should fall into mistakes which can be easily corrected by one who has himself navigated the Straits of Belle Isle and the Gut of Canso.

All that is known about the voyages of the Cabots from English sources consists of two short quotations, made by Stow and Hakluyt respectively from a version of Fabyan's Chronicle which has since been lost, and of a few entries in the royal accounts of Henry VII. concerning payments made to the explorers. Stow mentions only Sebastian Cabot, the son; Hakluyt, in his later version, mentions only John Cabot, the father. The national archives make the matter clearer, by showing that John sailed in command of both the expeditions, but that his sons, Sebastian, Lewis, and Sancio (the last two names unknown to history from any other source), were associated with him in the letters patent by which Henry VII. granted leave to explore the Western seas. John

Cabot disappears from history with his second expedition, that of 1498: it even seems probable that he died in the course of it, and that Sebastian brought home to Bristol the little squadron of five ships with which his father had been entrusted. Sebastian, at any rate, speaks of himself as having been in command during this voyage, and there would have been no reason to doubt his statement but for his singular reticence concerning all his father's doings. The reasons for his silence Dr. Dawson does his best to elucidate in the following ingenious fashion.

Early in the reign of Henry VIII. Sebastian Cabot transferred himself to the service of Spain, and remained for more than forty years in the employment of Ferdinand the Catholic and afterwards of Charles V. He became Master-Pilot of Spain, enjoyed the post and a salary of 50,000 maravedis for many years, and was in charge of the official map-making of the Spanish navy for the whole time. Now, no one was better able than Sebastian to appreciate the importance of his own and his father's voyages in 1497-8; but to Sebastian's employers these voyages were a stumblingblock and a source of annoyance. For the Spanish and Portuguese claimed, under the famous bull of Alexander VI., the monopoly of the whole Western world, and the publication of the fact that England possessed a claim, based on independent discovery, to all the north-eastern shore of North America, would have been most inconvenient to them. Cabot, as Dr. Dawson supposes, deliberately minimized, in the interest of Spain, the range of his own and his father's expeditions, and spoke and wrote of them as if they had been limited to the inhospitable shores of Labrador. This reticence was rendered possible by the fact that for forty years after the voyage of 1498, neither Henry VIII. nor the merchants of England made any attempt to take up the great enterprise which John Cabot had begun. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth, when English energy was once more directed towards North America, that the records of the Cabots' voyages were exhumed and commented upon. But Hakluyt and Stow did not possess two all-important foreign documents, only discovered in our own day, which give full and accurate information as to the respective scope of the expeditions of 1497 and 1498. The first is a private despatch written early in 1498 by Soncino, the agent in England of Ludovico II Moro, the Duke of Milan. This document states the fact that John Cabot in June 1497 reached a land which was well wooded, temperate, and fertile. Such a land must have been far south of Labrador, where the coast is still ice-bound and inaccessible in the month of June. The second document is a map sent to Spain in 1500 by Ayala, King Ferdinand's agent in London. He had been alarmed by the reports of the extent of the Cabots' voyages, and had come to the conclusion that they had been trespassing in waters which Spain considered as her own. He had therefore obtained a private copy of John Cabot's chart of his discoveries and sent it home. If this map were true to scale, it would prove that the Cabots had coasted as far south as the Delaware, or the Chesapeake, but there is no doubt that the southern limit of their voyage is exaggerated; it did not probably extend farther than Nova Scotia, though the chart gives a long range of names reaching southward from a point apparently representing Cape Race in Newfoundland, which Cabot christened "Cabo di Inghilterra."

This map, being John Cabot's, must refer to the voyage of 1497; that of 1498 apparently ranged farther to the north, as Sebastian Cabot left it on record, many years later, that in this expedition he met with white bears, skin-clad Esquimaux, and great masses of floating ice. These data fix the exploration of 1498 to the coast of Labrador.

But Soncino's despatch, and Ayala's map, show that the earlier voyage must have been to a region much farther south. What this region was, Dr. Dawson endeavours to elucidate, by comparing the description in Soncino's letter with the actual characteristics of the lands south and west of Newfoundland. He concludes that it was Cape Breton; the short space of time during which John Cabot was absent from Bristol making it inconceivable that, even with favourable winds, he should have got any farther afield than Nova Scotia. There are three points on which Dr.

Dawson relies for the identification of Cape Breton with Cabot's landfall. The first is that all nautical experience in those waters shows that vessels missing Cape Race almost invariably hit the high-lying land of Cape Breton, and not the flat shore of Prince Edward Island, or the sandbanks of the Magdalen Isles. The second is, that in the unique map of 1544, preserved at Paris, the anonymous author places on Cape Breton the inscription "*Prima terra vista*," and refers in marginal notes to Sebastian Cabot as his authority. The third is, that in John Cabot's map, copied by Ayala in 1500, which we have already had occasion to mention, an island of St. John is placed off the point which apparently represents Cape Breton, and that for the next forty years all map-makers, Italian, French, or Portuguese, are found applying this name to one of the isles of the Cape Breton group. Only after the middle of the century does the title get transferred to one of the Magdalen Isles, or to other outlying points in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Dr. Dawson has, therefore, good reasons for the conclusion which he formulates in his concluding paragraph:

"It was, therefore, upon the easternmost point of this Nova Scotian land of our common country, that John Cabot planted the banner of St. George on 24 June, 1497, more than a year before Columbus set foot upon the main continent of America; and now, after four hundred years, despite all chances and changes of our Western World, that banner is floating there still, a witness to our existing union with our distant motherland across the ocean."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

- "Journal du Général Fantin des Odoards." 1800-1830. Paris: E. Plon. 1895.
 "Mémoires du Général Baron Thiébault." Publiés par Fernand Calmettes. IV. 1806-1813. Paris: E. Plon. 1895.
 "Mes Souvenirs." Par Général Du Barail. Tome II. 1851-1864. Paris: E. Plon. 1895.
 "Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier." Publiés par M. le duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier. Tome VI. Paris: E. Plon. 1895.
 "Notes et Souvenirs." Par le Marquis de Dreux-Brézé. 1872-1883. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1895.
 "Le Festéjadou." Par Hugues Le Roux. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.
 "Espagne et Provence." Impressions par Édouard Conti. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

SINCE the great success achieved by the "*Mémoires de Marbot*," every one in France who possesses a desk of old papers has been rummaging in it in the hope of discovering a gold mine. No second collection of memories and journals so fascinating as the first has yet been produced; but some of the volumes brought out in similar form, and tending further to illustrate the history of the First Empire, have had considerable value. The journal of Général Fantin des Odoards was quite worth publishing. In 1800, in consequence of an unlucky love affair, Fantin, at the age of twenty-two, left the house of his father and joined the army at Turin. His journal, kept from day to day, although with numerous breaches of continuity, for nearly a quarter of a century, is lively and picturesque. Fantin was with Napoleon at Ulm, at Austerlitz, in Spain: marched with him from Paris to the Niemen, from the Niemen to Moscow; took part in the disastrous retreat, the crisis of Waterloo, and the Spanish campaign of 1823. His story is the chronicle of the Grande Armée, written by one who shared its hopes and its deceptions. At the close of the volume is printed an account of the general inspection of the armies of France, made by General Fantin des Odoards in 1830, for the Government of Louis Philippe. He survived until 1860, passing away at the great age of eighty-eight.

The "*Mémoires*" of Baron Thiébault have now reached a fourth volume, which brings us down to the close of 1813. His romantic ardour and his military enthusiasm are here seen to be cooling down a little; he is no longer quite the amorous fire-eater of 1792. But he still loves the ladies and the smell of the gunpowder. The lover of Nais and Zozotte is not much less entertaining and only a little more reserved than

Casanova himself, of whom this gallant and witty Thiébault, with his touches of pedantry and his splendid audacities, not unfrequently reminds us. Even in this, which we confess to have found by no means the most amusing volume of his *Mémoires*, there is something delightfully spirited in his eighteenth-century outlook upon life.

General Du Barail takes a much later place in the century. There is the same difference in the man as there is between Thiébault, stiff and shaven, in Picardy's miniature, and Du Barail, bearded and moustachioed, with his striped zouave uniform, in Régamey's portrait. The former belongs to the old, the latter to the new, *régime*, although more than thirty years divide us now from Du Barail's Mexican exploits. In the present volume the "*Souvenirs*" deal with the incidents of the war of African annexation, especially with the assault and capture of Laghouet, and finally with the Mexican campaign, closing with the abandonment of the unfortunate Maximilian in the dreadful empire which France had so wantonly carved out for him. The future historian will probably lay this section of General Du Barail's book under special contribution, for we doubt whether the expedition to Mexico has ever been described in a manner so vivid and so comprehensible.

It requires no little patience to follow the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier in his colossal task of publishing the memoirs of the Chancellor Pasquier. That these should be published admits of no question; they resume the experience of the man whom Taine described as the best informed and the most judicious spectator of the first half of this century. In this huge sixth volume he takes us but six years onward, from 1824 to 1830, covering the fall of Charles X., the death of the Prince de Condé, and the trial of the ministers of the deposed king. Few English readers, we suppose, have the leisure or the inclination to follow recent French history in such minute detail, but no one will deny that the work is one of the highest importance as a book of reference. We congratulate the aged Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier on having so successfully reached the conclusion of his pious labours.

The notes and recollections of the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé form melancholy reading. They contain material for the history of a lost cause, that of the Royalist party in France from 1872 to the death of the Comte de Chambord in 1883. The Marquis was one of the most responsible representatives of Monseigneur, by whom, in 1872, he was given a special mission or mandate, which involved an active though subterranean propaganda through the departments of France. No one could say that the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé brought to this labour any very special aptitudes, except the most devoted loyalty and an enthusiasm beyond bounds. He took his responsibilities very seriously, and, when the end came in August 1883, laid them down with a pathetic solemnity and pomp. We know not how to account for it, but the despair of the Orleanist cause and the tactlessness of its leaders have never come home to us more vividly than in the perusal of this honest, narrow, stupid volume, so gentlemanly in its tone, so purblind to all the movements of contemporary history.

It is in the writings of M. Hugues Le Roux that we have come nearest as yet to what, we suppose, will soon become a recognized element in literature, journalism in fiction. No English or American novelist, and until M. Le Roux, no French one either, has quite contrived to pour forth so regular a stream of very short stories, produced with mechanical regularity, once or twice a week, each of them containing from 1200 to 1500 words. The short story as a newspaper article,—that is M. Hugues Le Roux' contribution to civilization, and the marvellous thing is that he seems to be able to produce the desired object with the same regularity with which other journalists produce their "*leaders*." When we consider how artificial the whole thing is bound to be, how rigidly it assumes a certain shape—the four hundred words of preparation, the eight hundred words of action, the three hundred words of *dénouement*—it is amazing that it can be done at all, and yet be readable. The one exception, in the present volume, to this short story manufactured by formula, is the episode of southern manners called "*Le Festéjadou*," a word which signifies

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in Provençal not quite "lover," nor quite "betrothed," but the "young man keeping company," the gallant who takes the girl to the *fête* and dances with her in the square outside the church. In this story, which owes much to a careful study of the mannerism of Guy de Maupassant, M. Le Roux is seen at his best, and he is able to prolong his efforts, for a wonder, over an extent of not fewer than seventy pages.

In "Espagne et Provence," the agreeable author of "Les Mal-Vus," gives us his impressions of a journey in the south of Europe. The most striking chapters are those which deal with the Balearic Islands, a group sufficiently isolated from the rest of Spain and yet full enough of archaeological curiosities to be well worth describing. M. Conti had the misfortune to visit the singular gardens and museum of Raxa with a young Englishman who was timid, ignorant, and ill-mannered. We condole with him, but we think it scarcely philosophical on his part to conclude that all young Englishmen possess these qualities. The next time we meet with a dull and noisy Frenchman on our travels we shall revenge ourselves by regretting that luck has not made the accomplished M. Conti our companion.

FICTION.

"Two Strangers." By Mrs. Oliphant. Autonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"Every Day's News." By C. E. Francis. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

MRS. OLIPHANT has added one more to her tale of light and innocent stories, pleasantly written, readable from end to end, and quite without distinction. It is, of course, altogether without deleterious ingredients, and leaves no after effects of any kind upon the memory. The writer who goes under the pseudonym of C. E. Francis has performed a variant on the theme of "George Mandeville's Husband." Her hero is a pure-minded novelist, who marries a New Woman, and she writes rude stories that make him blush dreadfully and feel most uncomfortable. There is practically no plot; a sympathetic cousin of the husband comes and reads his wife's manuscripts with him, and he revolts in a futile way and burns a type-written MS., which happens to be merely a duplicate copy. But the thing was done infinitely better in the original. We dislike these inferior repetitions of a success. Every one should read "George Mandeville's Husband," and when they have done so there will be no interest for them in "Every Day's News."

"A Pastoral Played Out." By Mary L. Pendered. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

The emotional young woman of imperfect education and some leisure—the novel-reading type *par excellence*—will probably appreciate this book; for it is quite in the vein of her successful caterers in the *Family Herald*, with the addition of a baby-murder by the worried heroine, and of a Russian lady who communicates with the Mahatmas, by way of concession to the spirit of the age. Glyda was young and artless in the beginning; in real life we have never met anything quite so young and artless, so emotional and sympathetic, under thirty, and yet Glyda was only seventeen. She fell, out of sheer simplicity and purity of heart, murdered the baby, and forthwith underwent the usual transformation into a dazzling woman of the world. She becomes a great actress. That always happens in this kind of book. Of course *he* sees her at the theatre. Was this the shrinking little Glyda of two years ago? And so on. Why, we wonder, do people keep on re-writing this perennial dream of the emotional young woman?

"At the First Corner, and Other Stories." By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: John Lane. 1895.

If Mr. Marriott Watson has sought to show his range as a story-teller, then this book attains its object, but for any other purpose we must object that the selection is altogether too varied. It is a book of samples rather than a collection of stories. You have a dainty pastoral, a beautifully finished Watteau-like sketch, "An Ordeal of Three," preceded by such a piece of grimy realism

as "In the Basement," a description of a slum death-bed, redolent of insanitary flavours and cheap gin. The two jars, and yet either standing alone would be a very effective piece of workmanship. Perhaps the best stories of this unequal book are the three realistic studies, the "Edge of the Precipice," "In the Basement," and "Mr. Atkinson"; in the two latter, indeed, Mr. Marriott Watson beats Mr. Morrison in his own field. But the two Watteau pieces, "An Ordeal of Three," and "The Portrait in the Inn," are delightful enough, and the "Last of Blackbeard," an Australian bush-ranger, would be a striking story anywhere. For these six stories, admirably conceived and brilliantly finished, the book will be read, and if it is not read the two pieces of "Yellow Book" genre, "At the First Corner," and "The House of Shame," which are unhappily placed in the forefront of the volume, will be chiefly to blame. Even Mr. Marriott Watson's subtle imagination and finished workmanship fail to redeem these two tales from their intrinsic unpleasantness. We can only hope that they will not bar the rest of the book from the appreciative readers it certainly deserves.

"The Hispaniola Plate." By John Bloundelle Burton. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

Story-tellers must live, but for our own part we cannot see the need of Mr. Bloundelle Burton. He is compact of reminiscences; he forces us to ask: "If one desires the excitement of buried treasures, are there not 'Q.' and Stevenson, and for the sea, Clark Russell, and for the picturesque narrative of adventure in an antique phraseology, Walter Besant? Why take them here at second hand?" He is really a painfully uninspired story-teller. The ancestral will, the scrap of paper, the rough map, the narrative, "in a neat roll tied up with black ribbon," of Nicholas Crafts, written in newspaper English with an occasional "hath" and "doth" and "twas," to give it a proper flavour of age, the inevitable fighting and stealing, the inevitable young man of the present generation who finds the treasure, the inevitable young woman—all to pattern; it is too much for our patience. To illustrate the quality of Mr. Bloundelle Burton's imagination one instance must suffice. The carrack with the treasure, you must understand, struck a reef, her larboard forepart was smashed like an egg, her stern rail and her masts were broken off, and she went down. You have to imagine the ship heeling over, everything falling and sliding to larboard, the water rushing into the cabins, the air rushing out, the violent conflict of air and water—not infrequently the decks of sinking ships are blown up by the compressed air beneath them—and all the wild panic throughout the ship. And then the explorer of the sunken carrack finds in one of the cabins "another terrible and ghastly sight." "In that bed lay two human forms, or what had been human forms once, though now but skeletons, the two skulls being side by side, the woman's hair being a great black mass upon the coverlet like a pall. So they had died together, he who had ruled Spain's greatest colony, and she who had acted for Spain's Queen. And this was all left of their greatness! Poor things! Poor things! But at any rate they were amazingly hard sleepers."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost World." Collected from oral tradition in South-West Munster. By Jeremiah Curtin. London: David Nutt. 1895.

NOT folk-lore students only, but all who love stories of primitive man and his beliefs, will be grateful to Mr. Curtin for this valuable and entertaining collection of Irish tales. Mr. Alfred Nutt has well observed in his preface that Mr. Curtin needs no introduction to lovers of ancient lore and legend. By his writings, and his labours as a collector, he has made clear his title to be of the company of Campbell of Islay and Campbell of Tiree. He has, we may add, done well by literature in other ways, by introducing the greatest of Polish story-tellers to the English reader, in a series of admirable translations from Sienkiewicz. These Munster tales prove how much yet remains to be gathered in by folk-loreists when the harvester possesses a thorough equipment for the work, in gifts and knowledge and sympathy. They were collected by Mr. Curtin during a sojourn at a farmer's house near Dingle. "My host," he remarks, "was a man who retained a belief in fairies," though he did not acknowledge his faith explicitly. He makes an interesting comparison of the faith as it was and as it is. "When I was a boy,"

said he, "nine men in ten believed in fairies, and said so; now only one man in ten will say that he believes in them." Though they figure in the stories as extremely malicious, if not absolutely evil beings, the fairies are invariably styled the good people. The Irish peasant who still believes in them, observes the propitiatory method of speech common to all primitive folk in speaking of invisible powers. Many of the tales tell of the strange enchantments that befall mortals in "fairy forts," and of the efforts of their relations to recapture the bewitched person. In some cases a pin is the magic instrument. There is, for example, the curious story of the old midwife of Listowel, who officiates at a mysterious birth and by mischance rubs some fairy ointment on one of her eyes and acquires the power of seeing the good people. At a country fair she sees a fairy thrust something into the side of a fine young girl, who falls to the ground screaming. The old woman drew a pin out of the girl's side, disarmed the magic, and the girl recovered. Subsequently, the avenging fairy thrust out the old woman's fairy-seeing eye. The "change-lings" of which these Munster tales tell are not always children, but frequently substitutes for grown-up folk, and these are among the most curious examples in the collection. Perhaps the grimmest story in the book is that of "Daniel Crowley and the Ghosts," which is to be found in the folk-lore of other lands, though in *grotesquerie* and humour Mr. Curtin's tale far transcends all other variants that we know.

"Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition." Edited by Lord Archibald Campbell. Vol. V. Being "Clan Traditions and Popular Tales of the Western Highlands and Islands." By the late Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, Minister of Tiree; selected and edited by Jessie Wallace and Duncan MacIsaac. London: David Nutt. 1895.

This second instalment of traditional history and popular tales from the collection of the late Mr. Campbell of Tiree, is scarcely less interesting, though of a more miscellaneous character, than the previous volume of the "Fianns," derived by the same collector from oral sources. A large portion of the contents is made up of local legend, "closely analogous," as Mr. Alfred Nutt remarks in his preface, "to what the Icelandic Sagas must have been in one stage of their development." The Gaelic material is preserved in what may be called the local story stage, and has not become conventionalized by the artistic narrator. They are genuine waifs and strays, these "Clan Traditions," and if somewhat scrappy in a few instances, are set forth with a racy vigour and an intensity of passion that are extremely remarkable. In addition to these traditional tales of the Lords of the Isles, the volume contains a singular legend of Loch Maree in Ross-shire, stories of fairies, some folk-tales, and beast fables. A short memoir of Mr. Campbell, communicated by his sister Mrs. Wallace, is incorporated in Mr. Nutt's introduction, and the volume is illustrated by a portrait and three clever drawings by Mr. Ernest Griset.

"Louisiana Folk-Tales." Collected and edited by Alcée Fortier, D.Lt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; London: David Nutt. 1895.

In this volume, the second publication of the American Folk-Lore Society, Professor Fortier presents the results of many years' collecting among the Louisiana Creoles. The material is set forth as taken down, with the Louisiana dialect and the English rendering on opposite pages, no attempt being made to classify the tales or to make them serve as the basis of comparative study. The editor has desired, to use his own words, "to give to the public genuine folk-tales," and he has set an excellent example in printing the originals side by side with the English renderings. The tales are divided into two sections. There are stories of animals in which "Compair Lapin," "Compair l'Ours," "Mamzelle Moquère" (the Mocking-Bird), "Michié Macaque" (the Monkey), and other pleasant, familiar creatures play many parts, as diverting and as full of interest as the beasts and birds in the books of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Miss Owen. The second section is composed of "Märchen." Some of these, like the curious negro story "Ti Doigt" or the "Little Finger," appear to be of African origin. Others are numerous representations in the popular stories of other countries. Many of the examples in Professor Fortier's collection are extremely graceful and full of poetic fancy, such as "King Peacock," "The Statue of St. Anthony," "The Men who became Birds," "The Little Finger," and the "Marriage of Compair Lapin." In the appendix Professor Fortier reprints the delightful tale of "The Tar Baby," with nine other tales published in 1888, all of which are derived from Creole sources and rightly included therefore in his attractive and valuable collection of Louisiana folk-lore.

"Ancient and Holy Wells of Cornwall." By M. and L. Quiller Couch. London: Charles J. Clark. 1895.

The subject of holy wells has attracted much attention of late. The present extremely interesting little book will doubtless further animate archaeologists and others of an antiquarian disposition with the spirit of inquiry. The late Mr. Thomas Quiller Couch, though he described himself as "a very desultory antiquary," was keenly interested in the ancient wells of his native county, and proposed to write their history. Many a pilgrimage he took to the famous wells of Cornwall, and the results of his notes upon them and the sketches he made are embodied in the

volume before us. How numerous are the sacred wells of Cornwall may be seen by the list given by the authors. In Mr. Quiller Couch's manuscript the number is about forty. In their book it has risen to more than ninety. In Mr. Quiller Couch's days some of these were in a parlous state, and many, no doubt, have by now fallen into utter ruin. Many, too, are quite disregarded by the people. Their healing and sacred virtues are forgotten. If the old superstitions do yet linger, as the authors assert, they are very shyly shown. There is the "half-playful dropping of a pin into the well by the sentimental maiden," but no longer are there the ceremonial visits "in search of health or tidings of the future, as in former times." The wells of the Cornish saints are but little honoured, unless it be some fashionable resort, the tradition of which has been kept alive by modern writers, such as the well of St. Keyne. The interesting account of St. Nun's well at Pelynt recalls Fenton's description of that other St. Nun's well by St. Davids, in whose waters the historian of Pembrokeshire was bathed when a child. Even in his time votive offerings were commonly made to this sacred well. Thus, although the Welsh may be less superstitious, as the authors say, than the Cornish and the Irish, the neglect of their holy wells is comparatively modern. The drawings, in illustration of the book before us, add greatly to its interest.

"Men and Women of the Time." Fourteenth edition. Revised and brought down to the present time by Victor G. Plarr, B.A. London: Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1895.

More than four hundred names have disappeared from this book of reference since the previous edition. "A new generation of notabilities is with us," Mr. Plarr observes, and "the log-roller is abroad in our midst, and the voice of the faddist has been heard in the land." The blandishments of those persons must be met with a deaf ear. Mr. Plarr will see to it. He is entirely for "impartiality and historic proportion." We fear that the new edition of "Men and Women of the Time" affords some odd commentary on the editor's virtuous resolves. The children of the log-roller figure largely in his dictionary. The faddist is extensively represented. Several of the notices of eminent persons, to assume a Pickwickian style, appear to have been written by the eminent persons whose achievements they commemorate. We will not indicate these examples. As to "historic proportion," critics will differ as to its practice in books of this kind. Disproportion may be instanced by page 814, where we find Dr. Stubbs, the Dean of Ely, honoured with the same modest allotment of space as Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford. Occasionally we note an absolutely cryptic entry, such as "Almaviva: see Scott, Clement." We turn to "Scott, Clement," and find no explanation of the reference. Many new names are added, and many are rightly added. There is a good notice, for example, of M. Charles Marie La Myre de Vilers. On the other hand, there are many singular and inexplicable omissions. Among "Naturalists, Zoologists, &c." we do not find Mr. W. H. Hudson. Among "Authors," Mr. W. M. Conway, Mr. Henry Norman, "Gyp," and several more are missing. Less strange are the omissions of Boito and Mr. Henschel among musicians; and more notable the absence of Mr. John Sargent among artists. When we consider the inordinate length of the notice of Dr. G. W. Leitner, it is the more extraordinary to observe the lack of all reference to Mr. E. Wallace Budge among "Orientalists, Egyptologists, &c." We have cited a few only of the more striking omissions. It would not be difficult to add largely to the list.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE first article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, "The Bible at Home and Abroad," deals with the effect which translations of the Bible have had upon the various languages of the world, fixing some, remaining as the sole monument of others, and with the difficulties which lie in the translator's path. The few facts brought together here are so stupendous by themselves that the paper would distinctly have gained if it had been written without any appearance of religious bias. Robert Louis Stevenson is the subject of a pretty and sympathetic piece of writing, full of delicate points, though the extremely allegorical and allusive style may end by leaving an effect a little wanting in dignity. Among other things, the writer institutes a comparison between Stevenson and Pierre Loti, which seems to us preposterous. Loti is possibly the greatest master of descriptive writing who has ever lived. Two new editions account for articles on Scott and Chaucer. The *Review* has a couple of historical papers, one on Jeanne d'Arc, "the ideal of frank and gay and glorious maidenhood," another which tells of the courage shown by the prisoners in the Conciergerie under the Terror. "Perish Agriculture" contains some pieces of reasoning which at first sight look risky—e.g. if farming had continued prosperous the agricultural exodus into towns would have brought about a great advance in country wages, as the supply of labour would have been below the demand, and at the same time town workmen's wages would not have suffered from the excessive immigration of country men. However, the Conservatives will soon be in, and a dash of bimetalism, a little tampering with Free Trade, and the removal of burdens on the land and other impediments will set agriculture right in no time. "The Conservatism of To-day" makes the best of a bad job, democracy, and points out what

attractions are to be put forward to catch those who have fallen from the Liberal party since its attack on property. "A Century of Science" indicates the high place to which Sir Richard Owen may return when Natural Selection has run its course, and gives us a healthy reminder that the struggle between the two schools is at least as old as Aristotle. A criticism on "The Foundations of Belief" finds Mr. Balfour too disparaging of human reason in the pursuit of scientific knowledge and under the sway of authority.

The *North American Review* is an uncommonly good number this month. Practical in aim and earnest in tone is Cardinal Gibbons, who discusses "The Preacher and his Province," and indicates the chief deficiency of the young clergyman's training. Young preachers, he urges, should study their fellow-men, and by contact with practised speakers sharpen the theological weapons. For often they emerge from the seminary "oppressed by the weight of their theological armour." Mr. Charles Dickens contributes the first instalment of what promises to be some extremely vivid and interesting recollections of his father. His pictures of the well-known novelist amusing his children with diverting songs and stage-managing the toy theatre, with the aid of Clarkson Stanfield, are full of pleasantness. He gives, also, a delightful account of other dramatic performances in the schoolroom of Tavistock House. Professor Vambéry, in "Russia and England," takes up his parable once more and pushes home the old lesson with the old vigour and convictions. "The present position of Russia in Central Asia," he remarks, "entirely excludes the possibility of a peaceful arrangement with England." The Japanese Minister at Washington deals with "The Future of Japan" in a dignified and serious strain, and writes hopefully of the new order that will arise from the improved relations between Japanese and foreigners. Lastly, we must note a remarkable article by Mr. Godkin, the editor of the *New York Evening Post*, on "Diplomacy and the Newspaper," in which the tactics of the Chauvinist press in the United States are treated with candour and sagacity.

In the *Forum*, Mr. James Penniman and Dr. H. D. Chapin deal from different aspects of view with the question of "Crowded Schools" in America, and appear to have made a strong case against the present defective accommodation in public schools. We must agree with Mr. Penniman that it is most undesirable that there should be 2851 female teachers and only 137 male teachers in the schools of Philadelphia. "How ever well trained women may be," says Mr. Penniman, "they cannot teach older boys efficiently." The older boys, we are told, in many cases leave the school rather than suffer the instruction. Professor Paul Shorey contributes an interesting paper on the question, "Can we Revive the Olympic Games?" to which he is compelled to set forth a regretful negative reply. Mr. Frederic Harrison deals with "Anthony Trollope's Place in Literature," and forms what strikes us as a sound judgment on that quite unimportant novelist's capacity. Should there ever be a "permanent revival" of Trollope, the writer thinks it will be restricted to the Barchester cycle of novels, with "Orley Farm" and the two "Phineas Finns." Colonel Theodore Dodge writes admiringly of Prince Bismarck as "the strongest Personality since Napoleon"; and President Jacob Schurman treats of Mr. Balfour's last book in an enlightened spirit.

The *English Historical* contains the second part of the valuable study of "Edmund, Earl of Lancaster," by Mr. Walter Rhodes; an excellent article by Mr. Richard Copley Christie on the unfortunate Giulio Cesare Vanini and his sojourn in England; some observations on the historical value of the Bulstrode "Memoirs," by Mr. C. H. Firth, which are notable, especially with reference to Clarendon's indebtedness to Bulstrode; and an important article by Mr. Baden-Powell on the "Permanent Settlement of Bengal," and its financial and other results.

The *Jewish Quarterly* contains a further critical exposition of "Jewish Arabic Liturgies," by [Dr. H. Hirschfeld]; an interesting sketch of Leopold Zunz, by the veteran Lector I. H. Weiss; and Mr. Montifiore's lecture on Philo and his writings, happily entitled "Florilegium Philonis." Besides these, and other purely Hebraic studies, such as Dr. Neubauer's bibliographical paper on Alfonso de Zamora, the general reader's attention may be directed to the third and concluding article by Mr. Lionel Abrahams on the "Expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290."

Several papers of interest appear in the current *Geographical Journal*, having previously been addressed to the Royal Geographical Society. Chief among these are Captain Young-husband's record of visits to Chitral, Hunza, and the Hindu Kush; Mr. Hinde's "Three Years Travel in the Congo Free State"; and a first portion of the extremely interesting record of Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain's impressions of the "Luchu Islands and their Inhabitants."

We have also received *Cassier's Magazine*, with illustrated articles on the Telephone, "Telegraphing as it used to be," and "American Coast Defence Mortars"; *Science Progress*, an excellent number; the *New Science Review*; the *Classical Review*; the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society*, with a paper on Lord Bute's vineyards in South Wales; *Scribner's Magazine*; the *Magazine of Music*, with some very good and some very dull articles; the *Musical Times*; and *St. Luke's Magazine*.

NOTES.

THE second volume of the "Standard Dictionary" of the Funk & Wagnalls Company brings a remarkable enterprise to a satisfactory conclusion. The scheme and execution of the book are alike admirable, and our impression of the value of the Dictionary grows with every test of reference. The exceedingly small list of "Addenda" is a fresh proof of the wonderful comprehensiveness of the work and of the care that has been expended upon it. These added entries are under one hundred, and many are mere amplifications or "additional senses." The appendix comprises several features peculiar to the work, all of which contribute to its many-sided thoroughness.

The new issue of the "Annual Register" (Longmans & Co.) contains a concise historical record of events at home and abroad during 1894, marked occasionally, as we have had to observe in previous years, with rather more comment on political matters than is proper to a compilation of the kind. The day-by-day "Chronicle" and the "Obituary" are, however, carefully executed, and form useful material for reference. There is the usual review of the year's activity in science, literature, and art.

Exceptional interest attaches to the illustrated catalogue of the Lyne Stephen's Collection of Paintings, Porcelains, &c., sold by Messrs. Christie during the present week and last week. Many of the more famous paintings of Velasquez, Murillo, Watteau, Nattier, and others, with examples of the magnificent old Sèvres, and other objects of art, are beautifully reproduced in this catalogue of a memorable sale.

The interest which has centred lately around the name and fame of Napoleon has naturally been taken advantage of amongst the art publishers. As a result, Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, opened last Saturday an exhibition of military pictures, of which the most important is the "1815." Napoleon is making his last stake for victory, and is hurling against the British lines the far-famed Imperial Guard, with such result as is now matter of history. The picture is by Mr. Caton Woodville, and, in a measure, completes the series of scenes in the Napoleonic drama which Meissonier has made so familiar.

Among new editions we note Sir J. W. Kaye's "Lives of Indian Officers" (Allen & Co.), in three volumes, with portraits; the third volume of Dr. John Mackintosh's "History of Civilization in Scotland" (Gardner), revised throughout, and partly rewritten; "History of the United States," by E. Benjamin Andrews (Smith, Elder & Co.), in two volumes, revised edition, with maps; "The Expansion of England," by Sir J. R. Seeley (Macmillan & Co.); "The Temple Church," by T. Henry Baylis, Q.C. (Philip & Son), being the second edition of this admirable "historical record and guide," with illustrations of the round Churches of the Temple, Ludlow, Little Maplestead, Northampton, Cambridge, &c.; "Walter Savage Landor," a Biography, by John Forster (Chapman & Hall), in one volume; "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn, and a map of Wessex; "The Cruise of the Midge," by Michael Scott, and "Life of Dampier," two recent additions to Messrs. Blackie's "Home and School Library."

In the handsome series of "English Classics" of Messrs. Methuen & Co., we have Morier's incomparable "Adventures of Hajji Baba," in two volumes, with an introduction by E. G. Browne, M.A., and a portrait of Morier after Maclise's well-known drawing. Mr. Browne's prefatory sketch of the author and his work leaves nothing to be desired either in tone or statement. It is excellently concise, sound, and relevant.

Reprints of Thoreau continue to appear. We have before us this new "Riverside" edition of Mr. F. D. Sanborn's "Familiar Letters of H. D. Thoreau," well printed, with a portrait after Mr. Walton Ricketson's fine bas-relief; and a pretty reprint of the delightful "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," edited by W. H. Dircks (Scott, Ltd.).

"Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," by Edward Step (Warne & Co.), is a handy pocket guide for the country Rambler who loves flowers and would identify them at sight. Mr. Step's descriptions are clear and concise, and his text is profusely illustrated by very fair drawings, though the colouring of flowers and berries is not invariably accurate.

"The Wild Flowers Collecting Book," by F. Edward Hulme, F.Z.S. (Cassell & Co.), is something of a novel venture, and ought to be popular with young field botanists and collectors. It is issued in parts, and illustrated with extremely good drawings to the scale of nature and uncoloured. Mr. Hulme's brief descriptions are all that could be desired, and with each part practical directions are given for the collecting and preserving of specimens.

From Messrs. Chatto & Windus we have the "Catalogue Illustré" of the Salon exhibition in the Champs-Élysées, with some hundreds of excellent reproductions of paintings and sculpture; and Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes" on the present Burlington House exhibition. From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have the first part of their always excellent "Royal Academy Pictures."

"The Medical Register" and "The Dentist's Register" for the current year (Spottiswoode & Co.), both issued by the General Medical Council, comprise some interesting statistics, in addition to complete directories of qualified practitioners, and particulars of degrees, &c. The number of persons on "The Medical Register" was 32,637 on the last day of last year, and is considerably greater than that of any previous year, and nearly one thousand above the register of 1893.

We have also received a new edition of Colonel G. B. Malleon's admirable "Wellesley" in the "Statesmen Series" (Allen & Co.); "Dante's Comedy," in English prose, by Sir E. Sullivan, Bart. (Elliot Stock), new and cheaper edition; "A Summary of the Law of Land and Mortgage Registration," by R. Burnet Morris, M.A. (Clowes & Sons, Ltd.); "Thoughts in a Garden," by A. L. Stevenson, B.A. (Elliot Stock); "Short Studies in Nature Knowledge," by William Gee (Macmillan & Co.); "British Policy," by Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell (Alexander & Shepherd); "A Malayalam Translation" of Mr. R. C. Dutt's "Ancient India," edited by T. K. Krishna Menon, B.A. (Trichur: Sundara Iyer & Sons); "Hymns of the Atharva-Veda," translated by Ralph T. H. Griffith, with commentary (Benares: Lazarus; London: Luzac & Co.); "Logic," by Dr. Christoph Sigwart, second edition, revised and enlarged, translated by Helen Dendy (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), in two volumes; "Three Men of Letters," by Moses Coit Tyler (Putnam's Sons); "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," by William Henry Hudson (Chapman & Hall); "The Story of Babette," by Ruth McEnery Stuart (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.); "Olga Romanoff," by George Griffith (Tower Publishing Company); "Iola, the Senator's Daughter," by Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse (Putnam's Sons); "Dead Leaves," by M. L. Leone (Digby, Long & Co.); The "Report on the Chicago Strike," by the United States Strike Commission (Washington: Government Office); and "Results of the New South Wales Census," 5 April, 1891, compiled under the direction of T. A. Coghlan (Sydney: Potter).

We purpose publishing in our impression of 25 May a Literary Supplement. Advertisements intended for insertion in that number should be sent to the Manager as soon as possible.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to MESSRS. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS via BOMBAY, every week. CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, NAPLES, ALEXANDRIA, every fortnight.

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INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W. Subscribed Capital, £1,500,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on "Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £38,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom, 17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

National Provident Institution.

Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

A. SMITHER, ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

(Founded 1806.)

50, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
City Office; 14, CORNHILL, E.C.

Claims Paid on Proof of Death and Title. Intermediate Bonuses. Endowment Assurances with Profits. Half-Credit System Policies. Non-forfeitable Policies. Special Advantages to the Naval and Military Professions.

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PROVISION MAY BE MADE BY MEANS OF LIFE INSURANCE TO MEET THESE DUTIES. Any New or Old Policy—absolutely the property of the Assured—will be endorsed whenever desired, during lifetime, making the Claim payable to meet Estate Duty BEFORE Probate is obtained.

INVESTED FUNDS	£2,900,205
CLAIMS AND SURRENDERS PAID	10,020,613
BONUSES DECLARED	3,288,236

Further Information on Application.

CHARLES STEVENS, Actuary and Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

PATRONS.
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES.

PRESIDENT.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.
Chairman of Committee—Sir GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P.
Treasurers—Sir GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P., and R. RUTHVEN PYM, Esq.
Bankers—COUTTS & Co., Strand, London.

Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom. The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, *Secretary*.

SUPPORTED ONLY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.
SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.
President—His Grace THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.
Chairman—Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.
Deputy Chairman—Colonel FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.
Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

THE
ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,
19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.
Chairman—Sir CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.
Treasurers—G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of *true* Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, *Secretary*.
LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

NATIONAL ORPHAN HOME,

HAM COMMON, RICHMOND, SURREY.

OFFICE: 12 PALL MALL, S.W.

Patrons.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

The object of this Charity is to receive Orphan Girls from Seven to Twelve Years of Age, without distinction as to Religion, into a "Home" where they can obtain a plain English Education, a practical instruction in the Kitchen, House, and Laundry, to fit them for all Household Duties, and are taught to cut out, make, and mend their own clothes. Over 650 have thus been more or less provided for. There are now nearly 100 on the books. The Building affords ample room for 50 more, but for want of funds they cannot be received.

Children are admitted by election, on payment till elected, on purchase, on presentation, subject to the life of the donor.

A Cot for all time may be had for £450.

The Charity is in

URGENT NEED OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS.

Donations, Subscriptions, and Bequests are earnestly solicited, and will be gratefully received by Messrs. HERRIES & Co., Bankers, 16 St. James's Street, and by the SECRETARY, at the Offices, 12 Pall Mall, S.W., where all communications should be addressed.

WEMYSS, *Chairman*.
E. EVANS CRONK, *Secretary*.

The Subscription List will Open on Saturday, 18th May, and will Close on or before Tuesday, 21st May, at Noon.

THE

NORTH CHARTERLAND EXPLORATION CO. Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.)

CAPITAL - - - £1,000,000

Divided into 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each.

Of which the Vendors will receive £700,000 in fully-paid Shares, and will thereout provide for the British South Africa Company the fully-paid Shares to which it will be entitled as stated in the grant mentioned below.

100,000 Shares are now offered for public subscription at par, the remaining 200,000 Shares being reserved for future issue:

Payable 2s. 6d. on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment.

Further calls, when made, will be in sums not exceeding 5s., at intervals of not less than three months; but no call will be made for a period of twelve months from the date of this issue.

Directors.

Sir FREDERICK YOUNG, K.C.M.G., D.L., 5 Queensberry Place, S.W.
C. A. V. CONYBEARE, Esq., M.P., Tregullow, Cornwall.

JOHN EWART, Esq. (Messrs. James Morrison & Co.), 4 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

G. H. HARGREAVES, Esq., 23 Barkston Gardens, S.W.

C. A. MOREING, Esq., Broad Street House, E.C.

Lieut.-Colonel R. G. WARTON, F.R.G.S., } The Mozambique Gold
Durban and Chinde. } Land and Concessions
Company, Limited.

THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY has the right to nominate three Directors.

Bankers.

PRESCOTT, DIMSDALE, CAVE, TUGWELL & CO., LIMITED,
50 Cornhill, London, E.C.

Solicitors.

RENSHAW, KEKEWICH & SMITH, Suffolk Lane, E.C.

Brokers.

MAY & HART, Warrford Court, E.C.
HARDIE & TURNBULL, George Street, Edinburgh.

Auditors.

COOPER BROTHERS & CO., 14 George Street, Mansion House, E.C.

Secretary.

WALTER CECIL STRONGE.

Offices.

WINCHESTER HOUSE, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS COMPANY is formed to acquire a Grant by the British South Africa Company of Mining and Surface rights over 10,000 square miles of territory.

The territory lies between the British Protectorate of Nyassaland on the East, and the River Loangwa on the West; its Southern boundary is formed by a portion of the Anglo-Portuguese frontier provided by the Treaty of 1891 (Blue Book, Portugal, No. 1, 1891), and its Northern adjoins the British South Africa Company's territory in Western Nyassaland, as shown in their map, of which the accompanying is a reproduction.

The Company intends to confine its operations in the first instance to exploring, prospecting and trading.

The preliminary work of exploitation will be commenced in these districts during the present dry season (June to November), and during this period it is proposed to carry on trade in Ivory, &c., which is anticipated to produce a valuable return.

This is probably the most valuable grant of territory in Central Africa that has been offered for public subscription. Those who have visited the country, and are thus able to speak from personal experience, unite in testifying to its extraordinary richness and fertility. The existence of ancient gold workings was known to Dr. Livingstone, who traversed the country, and it is mentioned in his writings. Livingstone's favourable opinion has subsequently been confirmed by the late Captain Cameron and others, whilst the natives of to-day collect a considerable quantity of gold by crude alluvial washings from the river-beds and streams with which the country is intersected.

In so vast a territory there will always be abundant work for the Prospector and Mining expert; owing, however, to the exceptional opportunities the Company possesses for obtaining the best information, the Directors are of opinion that active development can be commenced in some of the most favoured parts of its territories within a short time of the territory being formally taken possession of.

A carefully selected and well-equipped party will proceed to Central Africa forthwith, there to be joined by local experts, including some of the most experienced explorers and traders in the country, one of whom, having spent several years in this particular locality, and having lived on intimate terms with various native chiefs, has stated his ability to locate certain defined areas within the grant, as being not only distinctly auriferous, but, in his opinion, likely to produce very rich returns. The value of such local and personal knowledge cannot be overrated.

Valuable as the mineral products of this country are believed to be, it is not upon these alone that the prosperity of the Company is dependent.

It is the intention of those connected with the development of the territory to encourage and offer every facility to settlers of the right stamp, whether their object be mining, trade, or agriculture. To such, the fact that the Country is under the administration of the British South Africa Company, must afford a guarantee of security for life and property which is seldom if ever present in an entirely new country.

A conspicuous advantage, common to each of the three branches of development, consists in the central position which the territory occupies. Markets for goods and produce surround it—to the north, the Chartered Company's territory; to the east, the British Protectorate and Lake District; to the south, the territories within the Portuguese sphere of influence (including those of the Mozambique and Zambesia Companies); and last, but not least, Mashonaland and Matabeleland. From Tete there is direct water communication with the East Coast, many light draft steamers and boats constantly plying on the Zambesi from the Chinde mouth. Tete also will shortly be in telegraphic communication with London, *via* Mashonaland and Cape Town.

The most important local trade is in ivory, of which it is known that large stores have accumulated and are awaiting purchasers. The ivory trade of Quelimane is estimated at £50,000 per annum, and may be increased. Whilst the Zanzibar and Mozambique markets are far distant, and the journey hazardous, the Zambesi River, is in comparative proximity and close communication with the territory of this Company, hence commercial activity in the district will be greatly stimulated and augmented as soon as it is known that a plentiful and reliable supply of goods is always on hand, and that a market exists for ivory in considerable quantities. Wax, rubber and hides are obtainable, which, with proper care as to collection and packing, should also prove a source of revenue.

Trade is mainly carried on by barter, calico (unbleached cotton) being the principal medium of exchange. The usual terms of payment are two-thirds in goods and one-third in drafts on London or the Continent. It is obvious that this system secures a double profit, *viz.*, that on the goods bartered, and that on the produce bought.

Turning to agricultural prospects, the ground being fertile, certain localities would doubtless, in addition to the usual native crops, be suitable for raising European cereals. At Zomba, in the adjacent British Protectorate, H.M. Commissioner and Consul-General, Mr. H. H. Johnston, has succeeded in cultivating many sorts of European as well as tropical fruits, flowers, vegetables, and plants, which grow luxuriantly. It is also likely that coffee, which has been so successful in the Shire High-lands would do well in this country, and that cattle will thrive, the climatic conditions and altitude being similar.

Viewed from the standpoints of the rapid development of Africa generally, and of the increased facilities for transport and communication by river, rail and telegraph, taking also into consideration the powerful and friendly neighbours on every side, whose interests are practically identical with its own, there appears to be a prosperous future for the Company itself, as well as for such subsidiary Companies as may be created by it.

The precise terms of the mining and surface rights comprised in the grant are detailed in and subject to the Mining Ordinance of the British South Africa Company of 1895.

The consideration payable has been fixed at £700,000 in fully-paid-up shares of the Company and the Mozambique Gold Lands and Concessions Company, Limited. The Vendors will thereout provide for the British South Africa Company the fully-paid shares to which it is entitled, as stated in the grant.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—

1. Dated 8th May, 1895, between the British South Africa Company and the Vendors, being the Grant.

2. Dated 3rd May, 1895, between the Vendors and the Australian and African Syndicate, Limited.

3. Dated 17th May, 1895, between the Mozambique Gold Land and Concessions Company, Limited, and this Company.

Other Agreements have been entered into by the Vendors as to the promotion of the Company and subscription of its Capital and otherwise, and applicants for Shares will be deemed to have notice of the contents of these, and will be required to waive their right, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise, and subscriptions are received upon that condition.

The above three Contracts and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association may be inspected at the offices of the Solicitors.

Applications for Shares should be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with the amount payable on application.

Where no allotment is made the sum so deposited will be returned in full, and if the number of shares allotted be less than that applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the payment on allotment, and any balance will be returned.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, or at the offices of the Company.

LONDON, E.C., 17th May, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE—Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager. ENGLISH OPERA AT POPULAR PRICES. For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. GRAND OPERA SEASON.—For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, will be presented THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES, and How Mr. Jorgan Preserved the Morals of Market Pewbury under Very Trying Circumstances. An Original Comedy in Three Acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES. Mr. George Alexander, Messrs. Herbert Waring, H. V. Esmond, E. M. Robson, Ernest Hendrie, H. H. Vincent, James Welch, Arthur Royston, Mark Paton, Duncan Tovey, Master Frank Saker; Lady Monckton, Miss Elliott Page, Miss Blanche Wilmot, Miss Juliette Nesville. Doors open, 8. Commence, 8.30. Carriages, 10.45. EVERY SATURDAY at 3. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily, 10 till 5. Seats may be booked one month in advance by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

AFRICAN LOAN EXHIBITION.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—OPENING ON SATURDAY, MAY 18th. The African Loan Exhibition, embracing curios and articles of interest from all parts of the African Continent

EAST AFRICAN (SOMALI) VILLAGE in the Grounds of the CRYSTAL PALACE, OPENING ON SATURDAY, MAY 18th, under the direction of Herr CARL HAGENBECK. Great African native display by 66 natives of Somaliland, and 350 African Animals. First time Somalis have ever visited England. Imposing and Astonishing Spectacle, Mimic Battle, Peace Festivities, Native Sports, Native Dances, Native Racing and Formation and Starting of the Caravan.

AFRICA IN LONDON.—CRYSTAL PALACE.—Twenty-four Africa Lions, Twenty Racing Dromedaries, Twenty-five Somali Racing Ponies, Twenty-five Ostriches, Eleven Elephants, and 250 Somali Sheep, Goats, Chetahs or Hunting Panthers, Zebras, Leopards, Hyenas, Gazelles, Antelopes, Giant Pythons, Wild Dogs, Wild Donkeys, Monkeys, Baboons, &c. The East African Somali Village will OPEN ON SATURDAY, MAY 18th.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, S.W. 103rd EXHIBITION NOW OPEN 10 till 6. Admission 1s. ADAM E. PROCTOR, Hon. Sec.

GRAVES' GALLERIES.

EXHIBITION OF NEW MILITARY PAINTINGS. And Collection of Wellington and Napoleonic Trophies and Relics. "1815" (NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO). By R. Caton Woodville. "SAVING THE COLOURS AT INKERMANN." By Robert Gibb, R.S.A. "STORMING OF THE CASHMERE GATE OF DELHI." By Vereker M. Hamilton. "BADAJOS, 1812." By R. Caton Woodville. Also a Collection of Pictures by the late Charles Jones, R.C.A. GRAVES' GALLERIES, 6 Pall Mall, S.W. Admission 1s. ten to six.

PALL MALL CLUB, 6A Waterloo Place, London, S.W. ESTABLISHED (1893) FOR SOCIAL PURPOSES ONLY. Town Members £3 3s. per annum. Country Members £1 1s. per annum. The "original" members list is closed. New Members are now being elected at the nominal Entrance Fee of 30s. for Town and 5s. for Country. Members elected in May and June pay no second subscription until July 1, 1895. For Prospectus, &c., apply to the SECRETARY.

SECONDARY SCHOOLMASTER (University man preferred) wanted to visit the Higher Schools in England with the view of making known a New Series of Educational Works. Apply, with full particulars of qualifications, experience, stating salary required, to PUBLISHER, care of Mr. William Rice, 86 Fleet Street, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 28, 29, 30. Eleven scholarships at least, of value ranging between £30 and £20 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15. —Apply to the Secretary, The College, Cheltenham.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS, 1895.—Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Examination begins July 17. For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than eight resident, five non-resident, Queen's Scholarships, and two valuable Exhibitions, will take place in July next. Detailed information may be obtained from the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard, Westminster.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. Nine or more open to competition at Midsummer, 1895, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £60 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD MASTER, or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.

The Council are about to elect a PRINCIPAL to supply the vacancy which has been caused by the resignation of the Rev. Frank Dyson, M.A. He must be a clergyman of the Church of England in priest's orders, and M.A. at least of the University of Oxford, Cambridge, or of Trinity College, Dublin. His remuneration will commence at £800 per annum, with permission to take boarders, but only pupils attending the College. His duties will begin in September. Testimonials to be sent on or before the 1st of June, addressed to the Secretary, to whom application may be made for further information.

GEORGE H. DAYSON, Secretary.

Shaw Street, Liverpool, 8th May. 668

FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, CITY OF LONDON.

The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday the 21st of May, 1895, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of the valuable Freehold Ground Rents and Reversions of premises as under, viz.:

Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street,	Ground Rent £1550 per annum.
No. 61, 62 Gracechurch Street,	" " 2010 "
No. 7 Warwick Lane,	" " 175 "
No. 9 King Street, Aldgate,	" " 92 "

Particulars and Plans of the Premises may be had at this Office, together with the conditions of sale.

Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent, Lots 7 to 13 Monument Street, &c." (stating the premises as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned at this Office, and must be delivered before one o'clock on the said day of treaty.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any Tender.

Persons sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past One o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their Tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the conditions of sale.

H. MONTAGUE BATES, Principal Clerk.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall, 26th March, 1895.

NOTICE.

Lots. No. 27 to 35 Monument Street (Ground Rent, £2430) have been withdrawn.

By Order, H. MONTAGUE BATES, Principal Clerk to the Commissioners of Sewers.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD REORGANIZATION.

Holders of Bonds and London Committee's Certificates of Deposits with Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., and Shareholders, are reminded that they must deposit their Securities with Baring Brothers & Co., Limited, on or before 30th June, 1895, in accordance with the terms of the plan of reorganization, dated 14th March, 1895.

8 Bishopsgate Within, E.C.

Five Thousand Orphan and Outcast Children to Feed Every Day.

The Committee of "Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES" earnestly APPEAL for AID in support of the great family of orphan and waif children now sheltered in the institutions, to which about eight souls are added every 24 hours.

Gratefully will even the smallest donations be received by the Treasurer, Mr. William Fowler; by the Chairman of Committee, Mr. S. G. Sheppard; by the Vice-Chairman, Mr. Howard Williams; by the Founder and Director, Dr. T. J. Barnardo; or by the Bankers, L. and S. W. Bank (Bow Branch), and Prescott, Dimsdale & Co.

E. E. GILL, M.A., Clerical Secretary. JOHN ODLING, General Secretary.

Offices of the Institutions—

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BOOKS.

MR. GUNDRY ON CHINA.

"China Present and Past." By R. S. Gundry. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 1895.

THE long and wide experience possessed by Mr. Gundry of China and the Chinese makes anything that he has to say on those subjects of value and importance. More especially is this so at the present time, when, as he tells us in his introduction, we are at the parting of the ways. It is not too much to hope that the stolid indifference of the Chinese to all reform is being forcibly overcome by the exigencies of the late disastrous campaign, and there remains a probability that the China of the future will be separated by a wide gulf from the China of the past.

Mr. Gundry deals with three principal subjects: foreign intercourse, progress and resources, and the missionary question. He writes also on subsidiary matters, and includes a valuable chapter on the Yellow River. In an exhaustive historical survey he traces the course of foreign relations with China, and details at length the circumstances connected with the audiences granted to the foreign representatives, from the time when Lord Macartney was introduced to K'ienlung up to the time of the interview accorded by the Emperor to Mr. O'Connor a few weeks ago. To Europeans unacquainted with the importance attaching to all ceremonial formalities in China, the Audience Question, as it has been called, doubtless appears to be insignificant. On the other hand, those who know what such matters really mean, and who are aware that the one remedy for our difficulties in China is the distinct affirmation, in all such ceremonies as the granting of audiences, &c., of the equality between the sovereigns and the peoples of the two countries, recognize that its political importance cannot be overestimated. Throughout her relations with the Foreign Powers, China has invariably assumed an attitude of superiority. The flags which floated over the native vessels which carried Lord Macartney to the neighbourhood of Peking bore inscriptions describing the Minister as an envoy from a tributary State, and the audience granted not long ago to the Foreign Ministers in the Tzukung Ko, a place where messengers from subordinate States are accustomed to present their offerings to their liege lord, was intended to proclaim to the empire that they still occupied the same position that it was customary to assign to them at the end of the last century.

Since the outbreak of recent hostilities, however, the Foreign Ministers have been received within the walls of the Imperial Palace. It is a matter of history that all concessions which have been obtained from China have been wrung from her in obedience to the promptings of fear. In times of difficulty and danger the Mandarins are accustomed to yield whatever is demanded from them. But with equal certainty, the pressure is no sooner removed than they at once begin to minimize the promises made, and to withhold everything which can be refused with safety. It is in this way that we have over and over again been defrauded of our Treaty rights, which, however, from the strictly orthodox Chinese point of view are not rights, since they have been extorted by tributaries in rebellion against the sovereign State. The remedy for this, as we have already said, the frank acknowledgment of the equality of foreign Sovereigns with the Emperor. Mr. Gundry's chapters on the progress being made in China present a truthful and almost hopeless prospect. Believing, as ninety-nine out of every hundred of the educated classes do, that in the ancient literature of the country is to be found all wisdom and knowledge—even the Marquis Tseng used to quote a passage from one of the ancient classics, which, he asserted, foreshadowed the invention of the electric telegraph—the Chinese regard with contempt the boasted civilization of foreigners, though

they admit, with Prince Kung, that knowledge, which originally emanated from China, has received development in various directions from the inventive minds of Europeans. In their opinion, therefore, the adoption of European principles is a descent from the pedestal on which they had complacently enthroned themselves. They are ready enough to adopt European mechanical contrivances when necessity arises, but this is the whole extent of their admission of indebtedness to foreign civilization. Such a frame of mind must necessarily constitute a barrier to all reforms which are not forced upon the people by *force majeure*.

Mr. Gundry's chapters on the missionary question should be carefully read by all those who are interested in the spread of Christianity. It is well that both sides of the question should be thoroughly discussed, and though Mr. Gundry is not altogether a hostile critic, he has much to say against the systems adopted by the teachers of religion. It is easy to find fault with the views and actions of individuals among the large bodies constituting the missionary agencies in China, and on some points Mr. Gundry is unquestionably in the right. The attacks which are constantly made in sermons and in pamphlets against the teachings of Confucius are often not only unjust but are, to say the least, uncalled for; and the implacable hostility shown by some missionaries to ancestral worship is both unwise and unreasonable. But Mr. Gundry makes little or no mention of the humanizing influences exercised by the missionaries among the natives, nor of the large number of works on history and science which have been published in Chinese by members of the missionary body. Almost without exception the European works of value and importance which have appeared in Chinese have been translated into that language by Christian missionaries, who have thus accomplished a great work, and one which throws into insignificance the fanatical eccentricities of some few narrow-minded men among them. With a generous instinct Mr. Gundry points out that many of the Chinese superstitions and barbarities are such as were known and practised in Europe a few centuries ago, and he implies that the phases of mental development now existing in the East are much the same as those which existed in the West in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But there is one vast difference between them. The superstitions and barbarities which disgraced Europe were but stages in the social and political progress of the nations, while the same symptoms of ignorance represent in China the stereotyped condition of the national mind. They are to those superstitious practices of Europe what a chronic disease is to a passing malady, and while, therefore, we admire Mr. Gundry's generosity, we cannot follow him in this part of his argument.

Mr. Gundry writes well and interestingly, and if we take exception to anything in his style, it would be the use of such a word as "enured" and to such an Americanism as "to voice," meaning "to give expression to." These, however, are but very trifling blemishes, and in no way militate against the interest and value of Mr. Gundry's most useful volume.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

"One of Life's Slaves." By Jonas Lie. Translated by Jessie Muir. London: Hodder Brothers. 1895.

"On the Eve." By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. London: Heinemann. 1895.

THERE can be no doubt that Lie's "Livsslaven" is a book of amazing power and originality, and to read it sets one wondering that it should have remained untranslated for nearly a dozen years. It is a wonderful expression of the proletarian's view of things—sad, with a touch of bitterness, but with rare gleams of sunlight, and quite free, even at the end, of any note of unmanly despair. Nikolai, the Slave of Life, is a splendid creation; a figure at once human and typical, a sturdy toiler, a passionate lover, animated by a keen sense of his right to an equal share in the happiness of the world, thwarted and defeated at every turn by the natural consequences of his lowly birth. Young Veyergang is the antagonist of his life, and yet, as an individual, true and convincing. He walks on the sunny side of things,

and has no pity for those in the shadow. He has never learnt to think of the realities of existence; he takes his good fortune as the warrant of his superiority. One grows angry at his complacent stupidity, at his ready contempt for his handicapped competitor. Nikolai's mother was once Veyergang's wet-nurse, and comes at last to care for her "young gentleman" more than she does for her own ill-clad, ill-treated son. In the end the gay Veyergang attempts to seduce Silla, the pleasure-loving, good-hearted factory girl, and the cup of Nikolai's wrath brims over in one swift irreparable blow. For one moment—the last moment for Veyergang—they are equal, man to man.

It is emphatically a book to set one thinking. Assuredly Jonas Lie has been poor, knows the shadowy places of life and the bitter imputations of social inferiority. This aspect of things remains still too much neglected in our literature, a literature essentially middle class, knowing little of the elemental passions below. True, we have "Les Misérables" in French, and some parts of Dickens in English, but that is almost all. Most of the poor "ha' no time for writin'," and one must be a proletarian to understand the emotions of the gutter. Mr. Arthur Morrison may take a note-book and use his observant eyes down a back street in Whitechapel, and extort our admiration for his forcible painting, but the chief thought he engenders is, we should not like to live in that street ourselves. So with Gissing: it is an exterior view, a scientific report from our educated standpoint. Jonas Lie is on a different level altogether; he tells us, simply and wonderfully, the things that are in the heart of the poor man.

Contrasting oddly with this book is a still more belated translation, Turgenev's "On the Eve." Here, too, the average English reader gets a new standpoint. Mr. Edward Garnett, in an admirably written preface, says some fine plausible things about the book: it "reveals in a flash the attitude of the Slav towards his political destiny"—"the ineradicable, though hidden, idea at the back of Slav thought—the unification of the Slav races," and such-like spacious sayings. But that is scarcely the value of the book for us, or even the truth of the matter.

The interest comes in when we consider the peculiar matrix of the story, the Russian intellectual life of 1854. Russian intellectual life meant then and still means quite a different thing from the Occidental. It is not an organic growth permeating the whole body, spreading through, affecting, and representing all classes of the community. It is an importation distributed in irregular lumps by the higher schools, unable to breathe freely: its circulation of ideas, its books and papers, are officially hampered. It has no share in the government. Its opinions do not grow and change, and change and develop the social order as they grow. Cultivated non-official Russia is not unlike a grown-up unmarried daughter before the days of emancipation, a loitering, pining, unmeaning fact. Naturally, it has its vapours, its green-sickness. All these people—Eléna, her father and mother, her three lovers—live without labour or anxiety, well fed, well clothed, out of some immense reservoir, and officialdom prevents them attempting any real human thing. They have no urgent need to work, and no rope wherewithal to hang themselves (as a class). So father Stáhov keeps his German mistress, his wife amuses herself with the action of new medicines upon her delicate anatomy, Shúbin works at "art" in the abstract and runs after peasant girls in the concrete, Berséuyev aims at a professorship in moral philosophy, uncle Uvár goes to sleep, and Eléna is discontented. They are a phantom race, a breed without weight or voice, mere airy nothings that haunt the social machine; they do not rule, they do not bear the weight of oppression, they stand aside. If they dare become material, forthwith the machine smashes them, and on such terms they exist. To these people there enters, with the air of a man of action, the Bulgarian Isárov, with his mania for reuniting the Slavs, practically as much a *dilettante* at living as the artistic Shúbin. But a more vital interest is his resolution to be avenged for his mother's murder, and Eléna, at least, finds him more earnest, more real, "a man at last," and flashes into life and trouble with him, as you may read in the book.

To the English reader this Russian atmosphere of

melancholy boredom, tainted by eroticism, is a puzzle. There is a disposition to make it a racial distinction. But it is really the misery of Occidental mental activity when it has its teeth drawn and its claws cut. The official class goes about its work saying nothing, the peasant suffers in silence, both are too interested to talk much, and these unhappy idle people have only material science and the developments of their own personalities to interest them, together with sex and its developments, a vague idealism, religious mysticism, and the unrealities of art. That is the peculiar soil of Russian literature. The people of this book seem to go to and fro in a vast empty world; there is no sound of struggling workers, weary delvers, women scrubbing, children weeping, debtors tossing awake, peasants drinking and quarrelling. To phantoms such reality is a dream. Very strange indeed is the transition from this subtle interplay of unmeaning lives to the black shadows, the elemental passion, the intense reality of "One of Life's Slaves," driving deep, as it does, into the fundamental questions of social organization. Both, it is true, are great books, but Lie has the greater subject; he writes of those who live and suffer, while "On the Eve" deals, in truth, only with the critical qualms of the amateurs of life. And both books are void of laughter; in that as in their greatness they agree.

We read through "On the Eve," scarcely noticing the style, and so we judge it well translated. But Miss Muir, who has Englished Lie, offends with some singularly clumsy turns. The sentence, "For a nurse is an esteemed person. Indeed she is on the expectancy list to become respected," certainly has no meaning in English to redeem its remarkable inelegance. That one example will serve, as well as the dozen we could adduce, to show that though Miss Muir may praise Lie in her preface, she scarcely praises him in her workmanship.

BOHEMIAN DANCING.

"Jak se kdy v Čechách tancovalo" [How they used to dance in Bohemia: a history of dancing. By Dr. C. Zíbrt, docent of the University of Prague]. Prague: F. Šimacék. 1895.

WHATEVER was the origin of dancing, whether it be the product of religious fervour and exuberance, or, as others think, had its rise in a kind of pantomimic courtship, certainly the land of the Slav has always been one of its most congenial homes. We concede the mysterious glories of the fandango and the bolero, and the exhilaration of castanets. Least of all would we depreciate the Highland fling, the reel, and the Strathspey: all these things are excellent in their kind. But Slavonia bears the bell. Let us only think of the kolo of the Serbs, the hora of the Bulgarians, the cracoviak and mazurka of the Poles, and the polka itself, certainly of Slavonic and probably of Bohemian origin. In the work which we now propose to notice, Dr. Čeněk Zíbrt has given us a complete history of dancing among his countrymen, from the old pagan ritual dances down to the modern quadrilles and waltzes. The subject enables him to furnish us with a series of minute social pictures. He discusses the old Bohemian customs with all the minuteness of an antiquary, but at the same time he never fails to interest us.

The two words for dance in Bohemian are of great antiquity: *tanec* can be traced to a Sanscrit root, and *ples* is connected with the verb *plensati*, which is found in the Gothic translation of the Gospels by Ulfilas. And thus the Teutonic peoples probably borrowed their earliest word for the dance from the Slavs. We have no space for a further discussion of these interesting words, but Dr. Zíbrt goes thoroughly into the matter. The work is furnished with many valuable illustrations taken from manuscripts and other contemporary sources. There were many merry and grotesque dances among the early Bohemians, although the Church was often hostile. Some of them remind us of the Whitsun-ales and the village festivities which had such a charming laureate in Robert Herrick. Those were indeed days when

"Merrily went their tabor
And nimbly went their toes,"

as good Bishop Corbet says. Dr. Zibrt has much to tell us about the old dances connected with religious festivals, and later on about the torch and sword dances. Of the latter, there are survivals among ourselves in the North, but the custom is gradually dying out. The old Bohemian chroniclers are full of stories of these festivities, and the abundant extracts furnished by Dr. Zibrt show with what care he has accumulated his material.

But gradually, owing to the spread throughout the country of religious opinions, very much corresponding to those of our own Puritans, the dance became an object of spiritual censure. Dr. Zibrt gives us some extracts from old Bohemian poets in condemnation of it. The arguments are just the same as we find used by the Puritans among ourselves. But it was in the sixteenth century that the thunders of the Church began to be directed against it with the greatest severity. None were more forward in these attacks than the members of the Bohemian brotherhood. One chapter of our author's book is devoted to an account of these opponents. In 1526 and 1566 the Diets passed laws in restraint of the excesses of dancing. But one of the greatest of its enemies was the famous Simon Lomnický, an author who plays a conspicuous part in the Bohemian troubles at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. Simon transferred his loyalty as occasion required; just as Waller had encomiums both for Cromwell and Charles II. The Bohemian poet greeted with an ode the arrival of the miserable and inefficient Frederick, and when the latter fled ignominiously after the battle of the White Mountain, he was ready with incense for Ferdinand II. Dr. Zibrt gives us two contemporary portraits of this sour-visaged and puritanical person; we can quite believe him as capable of "blaspheming custard through the nose" as any of the followers of Sir Hudibras. Lomnický wrote a book, entirely devoted to the abuse of dancing, which appeared in 1597. It deserves to be put into the same category as James the First's "Counterblast against Tobacco." Dr. Zibrt gives the rhyming introduction to the Bohemian book in full, and an account of its contents at some length. This we are glad to have, as it has now become a great rarity. It breathes an intolerance which would have done credit to John Knox, or Stubbes in his "Anatomy of Abuses."

Still, for all these philippics, dances went on among the Bohemians, on saints' days and holidays, in the market-place and around the maypole. The peasants had a hard time of it, but they still danced; just as the Polish rustics did in spite of the grievous *corvée*, or as even in the old times of serfdom the Russian *moujik* enjoyed his *chorovod* in the evening. For the Slav, as we have said before, loves dancing just as he loves singing. Long, too, did the people believe—perhaps in some parts they believe still—that the sun dances on an Easter Sunday, a fond thing, perhaps, to give credence to, but a pretty superstition. It has furnished Suckling with one of his loveliest similes:

"But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

We see how these beliefs have gone the round of Europe, if not of the world.

In the latter part of his work, although the learning of Dr. Zibrt is as abundant as ever, yet he cannot interest us as much, except when he is dealing with the saltatory customs of the peasants. We are glad to read his chapter on the origin of the polka, which is, of course, quite a modern dance, and is said to have been invented about fifty years ago by one Anna Slezakova, a Bohemian servant-maid. It at once spread over Europe and became very popular in England. In the last chapter Dr. Zibrt quotes some contemporary attacks on dancing, which show that the old puritanical spirit is not quelled. The illustrations, especially those from rare engravings and manuscripts, are important for the history of costume. Thus we have a man and woman of the higher class represented as dancing, copied from a scarce work by A. Mollen in 1601. Very quaint, too, is the picture of the young Bohemian lady ready for the dance, from an engraving in a book by Paprocki. Another shows the dancing at a wedding, and a copy of an old woodcut from a book printed in 1515 gives a curious interior of an inn in

Bohemia, with persons dancing and others apparently gambling. In some of the pictures the attitudes of the dancers border on the grotesque, reminding us of that strange picture of Queen Elizabeth dancing with Leicester, which is preserved at Penshurst. The figures are very strange in the chapter in which Dr. Zibrt discusses the origin of St. Vitus's dance, which he connects with the custom of dancing to avert disease and keep off devils, much in vogue in the days of the terrible pestilence which has been named in modern times "the Black Death."

Musical instruments are not forgotten by our author, but we have no space to discuss them. There is a wonderful picture of an old Bohemian *dudak* or player on the bag-pipes from the Hussite Cancional.

A book of this kind is in reality a serious contribution to historical knowledge. In these days when, with reason, so much attention is paid to the social condition of our forefathers, dancing—in connection with their religious and domestic life—must find a place for discussion. Dr. Zibrt has worked out the subject thoroughly. His industry is amply attested, if we look only at the lists of authors cited. We hope he will find many readers in his own country. Bohemian writers are now producing such excellent work that foreigners also cannot afford to neglect it.

REVOLUTION RUN MAD.

"The English Revolution of the Twentieth Century. A Prospective History." With an Introduction and edited by Henry Lazarus. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

THIS book contains 450 pages of the most concentrated twaddle it has ever been our misfortune to come across. For a combination of the worst type of jingoism, vulgarity, and sheer nonsense, this book will hardly meet with its equal. Here is the hero: "The people knew him as General Carlyle; he had taught them so to worship the name of England's Sage, that in the end they fixed upon him the name which to them conveyed all earthly honour and glory. He had been installed General-in-Chief of the Salvation Army as Carlyle Democritus, and as Carlyle Democritus he continued to be known throughout the country. At first an endeavour had been made to conceal his origin, but it was impossible to disguise his extraordinary personality, nor was it with less worship that the people finally learned that one of England's greatest noblemen had yielded up rank, place, and wealth, and devoted himself and his inheritance to an organization, which to him embodied the noblest attempt the world had ever seen to combat neglect and misery, as universal as they were criminal."

As the author requires "one of England's greatest noblemen" to revolutionize Britain and Greater Britain at the head of the Salvation Army, it is needless, perhaps, to add that his hero, having given a quietus to the former body of peers, forms a bran-new one, among whom, "in the event of especial merit, a title could be made hereditary." But the vulgarity does not appear only in such matters as these. Mr. Gladstone, thinly disguised as "Sorrypebble," "is bewildering, misleading, lying to the people"—"the soul desecrated Sorrypebble, intent only on selling for party votes the unity of Great Britain to the foulest party scum which ever in the world's history had risen to the surface of a universally rotten political corruption." Lord Salisbury is apparently hinted at as "Lord Davidxhume," and his fate is to be imprisoned with his family in the slums.

But not only under fictitious names do we find modern notabilities. We wonder what Canon Scott-Holland thinks of the speech put into his mouth at a Jubilee dinner-party "after the champagne and the multifarious courses had a little subsided"? Or what Sir James Fergusson, Sir George Russell, or Sir J. E. Gorst think of the statements on pp. 369-73? We suppose the publisher, however, has taken his lawyer's advice on the contents of the book, and our duty, as critics, is only to say that we think this sort of thing is neither literature nor the sane polemic of any genuine social reformer.

Turning from the distinctive and largely personal

side of the volume to its constructive side, what most astonishes us is the supreme self-conceit of the author. He is able to tell us exactly how many battleships, armed cruisers, and small strong steel ramboats we require; how prostitution is to be got rid of; how agriculture and trade are to be revived; how and what imperial and local revenues ought to be raised; how many hours are to be given to each subject in our schools; what number of sailors should be allotted to each ship of the mercantile marine, and what are the answers to a dozen other problems on which experts, and experts alone, can venture even partial solutions. Throughout the book the wildest jingoism runs rampant; 300,000 "revolutionary" troops are dispatched to India and drive "irresponsible Russian Cossacks" back "to the fourteenth degree of latitude," besides enforcing the payment of a heavy indemnity from the Tsar. Egypt is taken under British suzerainty. Ironclads and troops reduce the "idiot Khedive boy" to obedience, and a proclamation of Carlyle Democritus is posted in Cairo that "further impertinences from boy or man Khedive, Bey or Pasha, will not be tolerated." Tangier and Ceuta are purchased from the Sultan of Morocco (how Ceuta passes from Spain to Morocco is not stated!), and all the coal-laying stations fortified, as well as Cyprus, Aden, Socotra, Perim, &c., rendered impregnable. But enough and more than enough of such stuff. We have sufficiently demonstrated its tone and absurdity.

A BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES.

"Cradle Songs and Nursery Rhymes." Edited, with an Introduction, by Grace Rhys. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

MRS. RHYS has collected, translated, and arranged her cradle songs and nursery rhymes with great taste and diligence. They make a charming little volume, which may be read for its actual poetical quality by anybody wise enough to appreciate the merits of delightful nonsense. Indeed, here is a volume which might be set as a test of the average reader's poetical capacity. Does it give you more real satisfaction to read "The Epic of Hades," or "The Light of Asia," than to read this?

"Lilies are white,
Rosemary's green;
When you are king,
I will be queen.

Roses are red,
Lavender's blue;
If you will have me,
I will have you."

Be sure, if it does, that the gods have not made you poetical. Or can you say these lines aloud without that sense of entire satisfaction caused by faultless and engaging rhythm?

"Pussy cat Mole

Jump'd over a coal,

And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.

Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,

Until her best petticoat's mended with silk!"

Be sure, if you can, that you will never know good rhythm when you hear it. The chief merit, indeed, of all children's verses lies in the rhythm. Almost always faulty in rhyme, they are invariably true in rhythm; a fact which, in default of other evidence, would have been enough to prove the late growth, and but secondary importance, of rhyme in verse. At times, but in obviously late examples, the rhyme is a separate ingenuity; as when

"Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders."

But for the most part it is the rhythm alone which counts; rhymes there may be, if they will jingle aptly; sense may come in, if it does not disturb the lilt. But it is to the swing of a cradle, or the patter of small feet, that most of these little verses set themselves; blithely, variously, yet, in their natural defiance of rule, instinctively true to the rhythms of nature. And so, to those who care greatly for the music of verse, and are willing that the sense should take care of itself, we recommend this dainty little book of "Cradle Songs."

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S PICTURES.

"Catalogue of the Pictures belonging to the Duke of Portland, at Welbeck Abbey and in London." London: at the Chiswick Press. 1894.

AMONG the great collections of paintings in England in private galleries, that at Welbeck, rich as it is in other respects, is scarcely surpassed in its representation of historical portraiture. The excellent publication before us, which is compiled by Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, reveals for the first time the full extent of the Portland Collection as it now exists. A large number of the Welbeck pictures had long remained uncatalogued. An anonymous catalogue was made as long ago as 1747, presumably by George Vertue, the compiler of the catalogue of the miniatures at Welbeck. Further catalogues were made in 1820 and 1831, and all three were copied at the instance of the late Duke in 1861. In addition to these, Mr. Fairfax Murray cites the MS. catalogue now in the British Museum, formerly belonging to Sir William Musgrave, and "two other catalogues" of 1820 and 1831, nearly identical, which are interesting, though incomplete, since they include a number of Dutch and Italian paintings, omitted from previous catalogues, and supposed to have been purchased in the interval, or to have been added by inheritance, or to have come from Bulstrode. The present compiler has "not been fortunate enough to meet with a catalogue of the Bulstrode pictures," but he refers to the list of forty-nine pictures in that collection drawn up in the Pennant MSS. of the British Museum. At a fortunate hour the inventory of the Welbeck pictures was begun in 1857, or possibly earlier, and this resulted in the catalogue of 1861. No less than 196 paintings and drawings were found stowed away in a large store-room, and many had suffered from long neglect. A considerable number of these were re-lined and framed. Altogether 653 paintings, drawings, and engravings are mentioned in the catalogue of 1861, but no attempt was made to classify or in any way to set them forth in order. Happily no cleaning was done at this time beyond the removal of surface dirt or dust, and the high standard of condition exhibited by the Welbeck portraits is a remarkable characteristic of the collection as a whole. The "admirably preserved" portrait of Edward VI., a typical Holbeinesque work; the extraordinarily fine "Queen Elizabeth," by the younger Gheeraerts, also in excellent state; the fine portrait, after Holbein, of Margaret Wootton, grandmother of Lady Jane Grey; and many another example of early portraiture, are notable for a perfection of "condition" as rare as it is satisfactory.

The whole range of portrait-painting in England, from the school of Holbein to the days of Lawrence, is represented at Welbeck. Among the portraits of the Cavendishes are fine examples of Vandyck, Mierevelt, Daniel Mytens, Lely, Kneller, Riley, Hudson, Dahl, Jervas, Reynolds, Lawrence, and other masters. The number of notable paintings of dubious or unknown origin is considerable. The delightful portrait of "Sir Edward Harley as a Child" (178) is a striking instance. It is ascribed to Kannyman, of whom critics and historians of art have nothing to say. He is literally an "unknown painter." The imposing "George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham" (331), once attributed to Jansen, is now credited to Vansomer. Another fine and interesting work, ascribed to Jansen formerly, is the portrait of William Cavendish, the first Earl of Devonshire (190). A genuine Jansen, and one of the first quality, is the portrait of "John Fletcher" (247), the poet, formerly in the Northwick collection. There are some brilliant examples at Welbeck of the work of Hyacinthe Rigaud, a master somewhat scantily represented in England, such as the portraits of Prior (237), and of the first Earl of Portland (148), and of his son Henry Bentinck, the first Duke (149). With regard to other French portrait-painters, there are some charming examples of the young De Troy and Drouais, Nattier and Tocque, P. de Champagne and Lebrun. The "Molière" of the last-named, if indeed it be his, is an extraordinarily fine Lebrun. It is impossible to touch even incidentally on more than a few of the many aspects of artistic interest presented by so varied and important a collection as that at Welbeck. It remains only to be said that Mr. Fairfax Murray has carried out his work with much skill and thoroughness, and that the catalogue is in every way worthy of the subject.

MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR.

"Memoirs of an Author." By Percy Fitzgerald.
London: Bentley & Son. 1895.

MR. FITZGERALD much reminds us of an athlete who has succeeded in developing his muscles by practising with ponderous clubs till he forgets the comparative feebleness of ordinary men. Mr. Fitzgerald prides himself—and not without reason—on the portentous mass of the books he has written and the quantity of promiscuous "copy" he has thrown off in the course of a long literary career. But whereas two or three hundred pages, more or less, may be a mere trifle to him, they are a serious consideration to the general reader. His memoirs are full of actual life, and the endless reminiscences are of special interest to all who are concerned in literary pursuits. He has known any number of eminent or notorious men, and has studied their writings carefully and sympathetically. Yet the long literary experience from which he draws sundry useful practical lessons has left him something still to learn, and it should have struck him that these bulky volumes might have gained by compression. We do not much complain of the repetitions, which are excusable if not inevitable, but, violating his own excellent rules, he is tediously prolix on his favourite subjects. There is the stage, for example. We willingly confess that, as an old playgoer, we are charmed with his vivid memories of the famous actors of a former generation. We seem to see Buckstone again on the Haymarket boards, smelling voluptuously at Mary's hair in "Our American Cousin"; Webster and Robson, Paul Bedford and Toole, rise before us again at the Princess's or the Lyceum. But a little of the very best of that goes a long way, and we grow wearied of his expatiation on modern mediocrities and of his criticisms on the playwrights that have failed or had merely a *succès d'estime*. He warns writers always to sacrifice their own predilections to the pleasure of their readers, and here he has been obviously writing to please himself.

Unquestionably the most interesting chapters are those that treat of his own literary experiences. He takes frequent opportunities of sounding his own trumpet, but he is singularly frank as to his struggles, his successes, and his failures. We think he exaggerates the difficulties and depreciates the gains of the man who has the genuine vocation. Can it be that Mr. Fitzgerald is himself lacking in the indefinable quality which Reynolds eloquently expressed with an airy snap of the fingers? No doubt there is a continual crush of aspirants; but the intelligent editor can draw a sharp line between the conscientious, well-informed drudge and the writer who has the knack of attracting. Good matter and information go for much, but, nevertheless, the style is more. Nor do we speak of severely classical austerity with the exquisite refinements of a sensitive taste. We refer to the gracefully fluent pen and the fertile fancy: to the art which can clothe the commonplace in the garb or the semblance of originality; which is ever ready with a happy metaphor or an apt illustration; which, having seized with firm grasp on the reader's attention, does not suffer the interest to flag. We are persuaded that even in these days a clever and versatile writer can always be sure of a fair income; but, above all things, he must guard against prolixity, for the public refuses to be bored.

Mr. Fitzgerald served his own apprenticeship under Dickens, and it is much to be doubted whether it was the best of schools. He is fully alive now to the faults of the master's manner, but he shows that it is almost impossible for the scholars to avoid them. Dickens not only thoroughly believed in himself, but the monotonous grinding of the mills of the magazine admitted of no variety, and he would tolerate no style or methods save his own. In order to be a regular contributor to *Household Words*, a writer had to sink his individuality and model himself, with the self-suppression of the Chinese mechanic, on the style of the editor. Dickens himself, even when efficiently assisted by the indefatigable Mr. Wills, took wonderful pains with the articles. He spared no trouble in reshaping the contributions which pleased but did not satisfy him. He was the staunchest of friends to those whom he fancied or who

flattered him; the geniality of his manner was singularly winning, and softened the sting that accompanies reproof and correction. Yet, on the other hand, there is abundance of indirect evidence to support Mr. Lilly's somewhat depreciatory strictures in his recent lecture. The truth, as we suspect it, is that Dickens, through defective education, was somewhat *borné* in his tastes as in the range of his reading, and had a strong dash of the socially envious democrat. In the full blaze of fame and of well-deserved popularity, he was never really at ease in the best society. On the other hand, he was not only generous to a fault, but always showed the instinctive consideration of a gentleman. It was very different with Thackeray, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, with whom he had neither personal ties nor literary connection. Thackeray, he says, when thinking of himself, scarcely paid any attention to others. He would do the rudest or most egotistical things without reason or provocation; as when, on a lecturing tour in America, he once took flight, in a fit of home-sickness, after merely sending a line to Mr. Field, his friend and impresario, to announce his precipitate departure. But Mr. Fitzgerald, with his easy Hibernian unreserve, is always dancing carelessly among sword-blades. We greatly doubt whether the majority of his acquaintances will be gratified by being dismissed with faint praise. He does fair justice to their intelligence and literary virtues, and still more frank justice to their defects. Yet, honestly, we have no doubt of his impartiality, and we can only admire the bold independence of his judgments. He has interesting recollections of George Sala and Edmund Yates. With them, as with many other writers, thanks to their association on the staff of *Household Words*, he is behind the scenes as to their early works. *A propos* of being behind the scenes, he uses his theatrical experience to give some such picture of the theatrical profession as Goldsmith painted in the "Vicar of Wakefield." He speaks of the shabby gentlemen in threadbare costumes who are soon to be transformed beneath the blaze of the stage lamps into emperors, gay cavaliers, and dazzling heart-breakers. He sketches a sinister and pessimistic picture of the sharp sliding in the popular favour and the sudden eclipse of radiant lights. The star who has shone in Hamlet comes to content himself with the Ghost's part, and the man who once figured in capitals on the poster of the Haymarket or the Lyceum lounges unemployed in the provinces. His very obvious conclusion seems to be that, though good and clever presentations are common enough, any decided originality of dramatic genius is phenomenal. Perhaps he is still more severe upon contemporary humourists. The best or, at least, the most attractive humour of the day, as he seems to think—and we are disposed to agree with him—is chiefly stage-trick, and the pieces of fun which for a time take the public fancy are, for the most part, superficial and really inane. He names one or two famous writers who have done a little brilliant work and a very great deal of indifferent work. Considering the long and wide range of his recollections, the many and general appreciations strike us as remarkably accurate. We suspect that, with his gluttonous capacity for the drudgery of labour, he must have kept regular and elaborate diaries. Yet there are passages we might correct or supplement had we sufficient elbow-room. We believe the story of the inception of Lever's "A Day's Ride," in *Household Words*, is somewhat different from the story Mr. Fitzgerald tells. Like "That Boy of Norcott's," in the *Cornhill*, it was thrown off upon the spur of the moment, and it flagged so lamentably towards the close that Dickens took the perhaps unprecedented step of announcing that it would conclude in the ensuing number. The best proof of the first Lord Lytton's versatility was not "The Caxtons," which was published years before his death, but the brilliant "Parisians," which, when it appeared in the pages of *Blackwood*, excited a vast amount of curiosity and baffled all speculation as to the authorship. So we might indicate certain inaccuracies in the sketch of Monckton Milnes, the first Lord Houghton. On the whole, Mr. Fitzgerald has produced a volume which, though diffuse and somewhat meagre, contains matter of interest to the average reader.

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